

# CAVALCADE

*January 13*



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***Is Hitler Still Alive?* — PAGE 24**

**Artificial Births for Supermen — PAGE 20**

ask for **Starning**  
Self-Supporting TROUSERS  
Tailored from  
Crescendo  
Cloth



Country	Very bad	Bad
U.S.	10%	10%
France	10%	10%
Germany	10%	10%
Japan	10%	10%
U.K.	10%	10%
Italy	10%	10%
Spain	10%	10%
China	10%	10%
India	10%	10%
South Africa	10%	10%
Other	10%	10%

James Kiedge	4
G. Bryden-Brown	1
Arthur Joel	22
Frank Brown	30
Henry Shuman	24
Albert Brandt	34
Gerald Anderson	22
J. Fleming	34
Frank J. Gossop	22
Jack Pearson	22

## ACTION

Henry D. Wright	54
James Preston	46
M. Andrews	38
Daniel Gordon	30

## REFERENCES

7 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79

Measure the number of days other than festival are festive

[illegible]

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# who was the *Midnight* maniac



Did the wrong man die when they hanged Miss Evans after a night of brutal slaughter?

**M**ANY strange and bloody crimes have been committed on ships at sea, but none is more extraordinary than the senseless slaughter of three shimmering souls on the bespectacled "Harbert Fuller," sailing from Boston to Buenos Aires with a cargo of timber in July, 1931.

Perhaps the story is best told

through the eyes of the ship's sole passenger, 20-year-old Lester Monks. This young man came of an aristocratic Boston family, but he was the black sheep. His parents were sending him on a long sea voyage to try to bring him to his senses.

They had chosen the "Harbert Fuller," as they had received good

reports of the captain and post-captain, Charles Nash. He was an honest, sober man, and had 20 years' experience as a skipper behind him. His attractive, bronzed wife, Laura, lived on board with him.

Captain Nash arranged for his adolescent passenger to have a comfortable cabinmate to himself, and on July 3—another day—this was crowded with friends and relatives.

The last visitor to the cabin was the lady's old maid, Dr. Monks, who knew into just how bad a state Lester's nerves, disposition and general health had deteriorated.

"This won't be a pleasant cruise, lad," he told him. "You'll find the life tough and hard, but just the thing to put you back on your feet again."

Lester agreed with him.

"There's one more thing," added the doctor. "From what I've seen of the crew, they're a villainous bunch. I thought I'd give you a little reserve for safety's sake."

Dr. Monks drew from his pocket a revolver and a box of cartridges and handed them to his nephew.

Neither of them could have known that the weapon would later play a big part in saving the boy's life and bringing the "Harbert Fuller" back to port.

At first, however, it seemed the doctor's fears were ill-founded.

The captain and his wife, the two mates and the passenger took their meals together in the saloon. They were waited upon by a young malefic steward named Jonathan Spencer.

Mrs. Nash made a great fuss of Monks, apparently impressed by his position in Boston society. This annoyed both the first mate, another thick-set malefic named Thomas Evans, and the second mate, William Blankberg.

Monday, July 13, suggested the owner that had pursued criminologists for half a century.

That night, 120 miles out in the Atlantic, three persons were brutally tortured to death with an axe.

After dinner Lester Monks went to bed early. The saloon was empty, the lights there was too bad by reading. Mrs. Nash had gone to her quarters, the captain was busy in the chartroom. The two mates had disappeared immediately they got up from the table.

The saloon of both Mrs. Nash and the passenger opened off the chartroom, as a corner of which stood a bench which the captain usually used. Lester Monks good-night as he passed through this room, Monks entered his own door and locked it behind him.

A few hours later something like a scream awakened Lester Monks. It was a woman's scream. Quickly he felt under the pillow for his uncle's gun and crept over to the door.

Gun in hand, he threw the door open. The chartroom was empty except for Captain Nash lying in a pool of blood beside his overturned bench. Monks ran to Mrs. Nash's room and called out. The door was open, so he went in. She lay in her bed amid a mass of blood-drenched blankets.

Hidden by gun behind him, Monks turned on deck. The first person he saw was Miss Evans, who, apparently surprised at seeing a patrol waved at him, picked up a piece of timber to defend herself.

Evans accompanied Monks down to the chartroom. He inspected the bodies; then the pair climbed back on deck again.

It was two o'clock in the morning and nothing could be done all day-long. The two men sorted themselves by the end with their backs to the

Brown. Brown had put his own gun and kept the man at the wheel control, while Marks leaned his forward at the crew.

They worked for light.

Meanwhile, Jonathan Spencer, the steamboat intelligence fellow—had realized that Second Mate Hocking had not appeared. He went down to his cabin and found a third murder. The mate, too, had been pushed to pieces.

On deck Brown suddenly pointed to an object half hidden in the darkness among the cargo of timber.

"That's the axe that did it," he said.

Rue enough there was an axe streaked with blood-stains.

"Shall I throw it overboard?" Brown asked the passenger.

Marks made a mistake. He was only a youth . . . and there was not a situation for which he had been prepared at Harvard.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes it says. The crew might use it against us."

Quick-witted Spencer, who only that instant had seen what was happening, rushed forward yelling, "No," just as Brown heaved it over the side.

"You shouldn't have done that," Spencer told the mate.

"We don't find no axe," mumbled Brown, curiously.

"What do you take me for, a God-damn fool," cried Spencer. "Don't you know a man has seen you with the axe?"

Apparently, however, this witness was too frightened or too shored to come forward, so Spencer made no more yet to look up his charge.

There were now nine living men on the "Herbert Parker." In the morning they held a conference. Although Brown was legally in command, he was not keen to assume responsibility. Eventually it was de-

cided to put the ship about and make for Halifax—in Nova Scotia.

During the day one of the sailors came to Marks. He claimed that another member of the crew, Charles Brown (who had been at the wheel the previous night when the murders must have been committed), had been acting impressively. He had just been seen throwing a pair of overalls overboard, and—something the mate before—he had gone down to his quarters and changed his clothes.

Brown and Marks decided to put Charles Brown on cross. The previous was changed into a small space between the piled timber.

Brown protested that he was innocent and had recently changed his clothes because it was cold. He had discarded his overalls because they were worn out.

Anyway, Brown protested bitterly to Marks it was silly to think he had done it. He had seen Mate Brown striking at the captain's bunk with an axe!

From his improvised cell in the timber Brown shouted out that, while at the wheel, he had heard a noise in the chartroom. He had looked through the window—as was possible from where he stood—and had seen Brown bringing his upraised axe down again and again on the captain.

The crew demanded that the mate also be executed. Brown was firmly sworn to the manumit, where he remained for the rest of the voyage.

Thus left the ship without a captain or navigation. Fortunately, Marks had done a lot of amateur yachting. He decided to take charge. Misguided by his pilot, the crew was only too willing to obey his orders.

For the next week—until they made Halifax—Marks stood at the wheel, his headstayed pistol on the binnacle.

In port the police immediately

placed everyone on board under arrest. It was some time before they came to a decision as to who should be charged with the murders.

Both men under suspicion were strange characters. Charles Brown had a record for violence all over the world. It appears that he was not quite normal mentally. He was renowned for wandering around the ship, ranting to himself. Once in Rotterdam he went out of his mind and fired a gun at a man. The ship's mate testified that he was always hanging round plans to set fire to the ship and start a war.

Mate Thomas Brown, however, was the one the authorities finally picked out to stand trial for murder. He had often threatened to kill Second Mate Hocking for his "damned mercantile talk," and he was fond of suddenly addressing "Captain Nash" right the same day, and Mrs. Nash could then get married to a passenger man.

At the trial Brown's lawyers tried to prove that Charles Brown had looted the wheel and then gone below to do murder with the axe. Expert

witnesses, however, testified that Brown immediately the ship would have come up into the wind, with his axe flapping, and waking everybody up.

More than anything else, Brown was convicted by his own action of throwing the axe overboard and the silly snarl way in which—in the last book—he had tried to put the blame for that on Marks and Jonathan Spencer.

The verdict, "Guilty, without capital punishment," was an unusual one which had been made possible only by a recent statute. Believed, Brown went off to serve a life sentence in Atlantic Penitentiary.

Within 15 years he was paroled, and rehabilitated himself so successfully that he was soon master of a ten 150-foot schooner, the "Adverse," licensed by his exemplary conduct. President Wilson in 1919 granted him a full pardon.

When he retired he bought a little restaurant down in Florida. There he died, well over 80. Right to the end he stuck to his story that he was not the guilty party.



# you meet queer types

## in taxis

Any big city is full of something, if you want to meet most of them try driving a taxi for a living.

BYRON BROWN



A BIG city is full of strange people and stranger something. And if you want to meet most of them—drive a taxi. I tried it, and I know.

My taxi-driving dates back to 1933, but people haven't changed, even though taxis have altered from the little "Winston Post" of the first Yellow Cab fleet to 1939 streamlined jobs.

It wasn't long before I learned that the night is when you gather them in.

Nothing much happens on the day shift. You may meet a few odd characters—especially the ones who

think they are being taken the long way round.

Others will take out their money and carefully separate the fives, then complain bitterly because the meter has taken up another expense just as the cab stopped. All drivers have this worry. I remember driving one gentleman like down the wrong street. It was my fault, and he named Cuz.

So I said, "Don't worry, Master. I'll back out of the street and turn the meter back."

He told me, "No, no!"

That is me here the other half. I've been and let it go half down, take the

all-night shift for a little while.

I was called to a luxury-taxi block in Madley Street one morning about three o'clock. A middle-aged character in a purple dress-suit-powder poured me a drink in a super-luxury bar.

He explained this bar "doubtless" had become it and asked me to take her home to Strathfield.

I agreed, and we jumped into the cab, a gorgeous—but anonymous—block of about sixteen years. If she had been really 60, I would have taken her to Sydney Hospital, but she was just plain dead-drunk.

I took her to the address given, dropped her off, unconscious—on the doorstep, rang the bell, and got in. Half out of there, I still wonder how she managed to explain to her parents.

Another night, a lovely woman who had dropped with silver boxes, staggered up to the cab, scribbled an address of Rose Bay, and fell in. Her destination was a block of flats, but when I got there she was completely unconscious.

Fortunately, she had her handkerchief in it. I found a driver's license with the number of the flat. So I carried her upstairs and put her key from the bag.

She lived alone, evidently. There was no one else there, so I stopped a wet cloth over her face. The wake-up came off in a hurry, and even the regulated gentleman enough to whisper, "Money in hand, beg . . . put me to bed, darling!" Then she passed out again.

I put her to bed . . . it was a privilege. In fact, I was almost out of the flat before I remembered the fare. So I opened the bedroom again and tipped the controller on the nose. That done was over-weighted with dough. There was a great roll of currency, fives, and a hundred-potted note. I took the fare and a two-bit

tip . . . I'd earned it, I figured! No, as night there was hardly a dull moment.

About that time there had been a series of taxi hold-ups. Drivers had been lashed and robbed. So when their big, swarthy giant men got in my pickup and asked to be driven to a lovely outer suburb, I was a bit worried. They didn't speak the whole way, and the hair on my neck was standing up.

Any moment I expected a black-jack to land on my skull.

We reached the destination, a dark mansion on a block street. I said to myself, "Now it comes!"

One of the twin leaned forward with something on his head. As I turned, I saw that the mansion was a training college for priests. It took me a long time to get to the door that he had headed me. It was legal. Yet, those were the years.

Today a taxi picks up anything up to two thousand pounds. When I hear of it, I remember the day when I was working on the rank at the P and O wharf at Woolloomooloo. Behind me was an old driver with a Hudson cab. He'd had it. "Go Hell with this gear!" I wish a buyer would come about . . . he could have the cab, the plate and the meter for \$250. He groined . . . and he meant it, too.

Things were good in 1933. Our wages were \$3 a week for the eight-hour shifts. We made from \$14- to \$22 extra, and seven quid a week in 1933 was a lot of dough . . . remember?

Flats could be had in dozens—apartments ranging from \$15 for a bachelor flat to \$24 for a seven-room furnished two-bedroom apartment.

Cupping were \$12 for tea at the cut-rate tobacconist, and they were twice the size of today's flats.

A fine three-course meal anywhere

# NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

I've lived twelve months—  
or three hundred days  
and the day-after that came  
after—  
I've had good-luck and I've  
had bad, too,  
and I've had my stint of  
laughter.  
But I'd like to say  
if it happened again, I  
wouldn't like to change it  
this is the way that life should  
be . . .  
and I'll not rearrange it

—JAY-PAY

at the Cross cost about 1/4, and a  
bunch of good wine was 1/3 . . . with  
2d back on the fagins!

What price precious now!

Still, those old Yellows, with no  
windows for the driver, were built in  
bad weather. In 1921 Sydney had a  
terrible cyclone, and I was out in it  
for five days, soaked all the time.

In addition, the Company was very  
strict. We were suspended at the office  
before each shift. Boots and leggings  
had to be spotless and strong . . .  
or else.

Newspapers, looking at the slap-  
happy Sydney taxi drivers, with its  
cockrins, its high-fugging, double  
busses, its office untidy and boozing  
drivers, I still wonder whether we  
weren't better off back in the Gay  
Twenties, when everyone spoke  
English and King's Cross didn't need  
a British Consul. Maybe, it will  
settle down again, but I wouldn't  
know.

In 1921, my worst sentences were  
written—especially around the Cross.  
It was a common thing for these

women to take a job, and then offer  
to pay the fare on a barrier bus.  
They were the barrier.

I was taking a real lovely to Central  
Station one night. She told she was  
going to Melbourne, and asked me to  
stop the cab in a quiet lane so we  
could drink a bottle of beer together.  
It's against my religion to knock back  
a beer, but I was surprised when  
she offered to cancel her trip and  
come to live with me! I guess she's  
still in Melbourne!

One night I took a party out to  
Petersham. They loaded the cab  
with beer . . . do you remember  
when you could buy beer? . . . and  
I think there were at least eight  
people, although the cabs held five—

They paid me off, and I drove away  
to the Cross and pulled on the crank.  
Then I found they had left a dozen  
of beer stacked next to the single  
seat of the driver.

I stared at it in the toolbox under  
my seat, thinking it could be useful  
later. On the rank, a character called  
up and asked if I knew where he  
could get some beer. I could see he  
wasn't a copper, as I said: "Sure.  
Would a dozen be any good?"

I handed over the dozen—at 2/- a  
bottle. The character went off mar-  
velling at Yellow streets.

But don't mistake for one moment  
that Sydney has a monopoly of taxi-  
riding screwballs! I have a pal who  
drives a taxi in New York, al-  
though they're always referred to as  
"hackers" there. The things that have  
happened to that guy would amaze  
you.

He told me about the time he  
picked up a gorgeous gal who told  
him to drive to some theatre. He  
drove, but heard a lot of wriggling  
around going on in the back of the  
hack. So he looked in the rear  
mirror—and nearly swallowed his  
gum. The honey had stripped to

pasties and braless, and was drag-  
ging a dress out of a small case.

"Ladies!" shouts my pal, "you can't  
do a strip-tease in my hack!"

The gal cracks back: "Keep your  
eye on the road, honey! I'm in the  
show at this theatre, and I'm late!  
So I change in your hack . . . so  
what?"

Almost as bad was the job of carry-  
ing a couple of analysts down an  
apartment house on Sixty-fifth Street  
in a Broadway theatre. My pal never  
did know how many analysts were  
in that troupe. He just knew that  
they poured in and out of that cab  
in an almost endless stream.

Even several screwballs are not un-  
known in America as taxi-drivers. Not  
long ago a character was doing a  
wonderful act with two partners. He  
used to take them to the theatre in  
a closed station wagon, but one night  
it broke down. So he took a taxi and  
spent half an hour persuading the  
driver to accept the full-grown beast.

They were quiet enough at first, but  
two fire-engines suddenly went past  
with clanging bells and screaming  
sirens. It was too much for the pas-  
sengers. They went completely nuts.  
Before the driver could control them,  
they had torn the inside of the cab  
to shreds. It cost a lot of money  
to replace the upholstery, glass, paint  
— and the driver's nerves.

A nice sort of screwball was the  
old lady who took a taxi ride through  
the park every morning. She was  
very funny about the state of the cab,  
but she was a nice old girl and the  
driver rewarded her by supplying a  
glass white sheet to put over the  
seat on which she sat.

Then one day the old lady did not  
come out for her ride and the driver  
was told she was dead. She died a  
little later. She left five thousand  
dollars to "the taxi-driver who had  
shown kindness to, and put up with  
the whims of, a very old woman."

That is how it was written in her  
will.

Perhaps one of the strangest things  
that happened to a taxi-driver was  
right here in Sydney. He drove a  
man from the city to a block of flats  
at Rose Bay. The fare asked him  
to wait, saying he would be out in  
a minute. The driver waited for  
some time, then went back asleep.  
He awoke next morning when a man  
opened the cab door and got in, say-  
ing: "Is this cab vacant?" The driver  
was just about to say "No," when  
he recognized him here as the man  
of the night before. Explorations  
followed, and it appeared that the  
fare had forgotten all about the cab  
and gone to bed. He paid the ter-  
rific bill for waiting time, too!

There are a lot of decent things  
about Sydney taxicabs, although they  
mean South. Trouble is, it is the  
scurvy public who make them that  
way . . . and I'm not kidding.



The bloodstained halberd of the execution of Lord opened terror and death in the Philippines.



ASHER JOEL

# MOROS

## are crazy killers

"THERE is no God but Allah—kill for Allah!"

The early morning shoppers in the crowded town market place of Zamboanga in Mindanao in the Philippines, scattered as they heard the shrieks of the two frenzied white-robed men.

Attracted by the commotion, a

powerful Chinese merchant instinctively stuck his head outside the door of his place to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

It was his last sight of the world. A horn, gone dripping from the blood channels on the steel blade, swung in a powerful arc, and the Chinese man's head rolled in the dust.

It was the first to die this particular October morning in 1907 at the hands of the crazy followers of the Prophet before the halberd in the constabulary halted the mad rush of the two Moros who had gone "jaramatada."

Why the bodies of the murderers and their victims had been flung so easily, the people remembered their unaccustomed shopping as if nothing had happened. For hundreds of years such exhibition of mass murder by the disciples of Mahomet had been going on, and they had come to accept them as sanctioned by the religious faith which 500,000 Filipinos follow.

The Moros of the Philippines—in white and red—are a people who have survived in a modern world of universal religious freedom.

Long before the arrival of the Spaniards in 1565, Arabian traders, seafarers and Holy Men had migrated to the islands of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago. The following centuries they inter-married with the native Malays and gradually succeeded in converting them to Mohammedanism.

The mass practice of whole villages quickly followed.

Whole towns became rajahs and villages of powerful surrounding tribes, whose look to the sea as pirates, sweeping coastal waters and towns on the adjacent islands of Celebes, Sumatra and even farther afield.

When the Spaniards began establishing settlements, the converted Malays bravely resisted.

Before long the Europeans found themselves up against an angry and cunning bunch of savages as they walked. With better manners of encounter with the enemy, they bestowed upon them the name of their

previous enemies from—Moros—the Moors.

Overturn to win their friendship was completely unsuccessful. Angrily provoked, the greedy and Moro relied on their faith and much prized native knife—the long-bladed *balis*—to force the Spaniards to leave them in possession of their lands.

Double-edged and never sharp, the knife was an unsuitable item of their armory. But even when they were asleep was the blade far away from their hand.

Some were bent-shaped and flat, others had the appearance of a wavy-edged household sawing knife, except for one difference. This was the groove ground into the blade from the handle to the point to allow the blade to run out of a victim. These made it easy to withdraw the weapon after it had been plunged into an enemy's body.

The ornamentation on the hardwood, silver and metal handles of the knives were beautiful examples of craftsmanship.

One thing all the knives had in common, however, was the Arabic sentence delicately etched into the blade: It read: "La ilaha illa—Allah."

But when the Spaniards forced more than the knives was the complete absence of which the Moros were prepared to die in their fervent ambition to kill as many Christians as possible.

They had been on the islands only a short time when the converted Malays began to imbibe in their practice of carrying out individual holy wars for Islam.

Because the advent history of the ceremony preceding such battles was the taking of an oath on the Koran, the Spaniards depicted the custom as "jaramatada," their word for oath.

**A**FRICA speaks — or does it? Richard Carlson recently availed some Hollywood friends over to view jungle scenes caught by the Carlson camera for "King Solomon's Mines." Warners danced, fans attacked screens, happen hunted one another. At the end the guards were almost hush with their applause. Banned the proud Carlson "Was the best thing about Africa is that the white was so disgusting we had to clean our teeth with champagne." "What vintage?" inquired Ronald Reagan solemnly. And that was the end of that party.

(From "Photoplay," the world's first motion picture magazine.)

After considerable purification rites including the shaving of the eyebrows and scalp, and the paring of the toe and finger nails, the fanatic marked himself as a white man. Before his priest he vowed to do evil and kill the first Christian he met, and long as his bloody mission held his own death occurred.

The devout Spaniards naturally viewed such habits with some concern, and promptly proceeded to teach their new subjects a lesson. But they were up against tough customers. Their first expedition to Jalo failed.

The Moors continued their reign of terror.

Over 20 years later, in 1633, a second force led by General de Caceres set out to suppress the Moors once and for all time. But, despite the punishment inflicted upon them by 1200 Spanish and Filipino soldiers transported to Jalo in 20 ships, "jaramas" afterwards still continued.

Then Spain was defeated by the United States in the Philippines and the Americans took over the job of bringing the Moors to their senses.

In an effort to bring law and order

to the Archipelago without resorting to the use of arms, the Americans tried to win the friendship of the Moors through the influence of their rulers.

There were only too willing to make grandiose promises in return for rich gifts and handsome pensions. Although the ladies worked with the Sultans they did nothing to curb the enthusiasm of the warriors who continued their homicidal attacks on unfortunate Christians.

Reluctantly the order was given for punitive expeditions to be taken, and in 1898 a force of 500 men under General Leonard Woods was transported to Jalo.

One thousand Moors, with their wives and children, took up their battle station behind fortifications on the crest of an old volcano.

Although only armed with their knives and spears, they fought until the last man, killing 31 and wounding 35 of the attacking force. Rather than surrender their wives and children, they killed them too.

In 1913, General John Pershing, famous U.S. World War I leader, was

also compelled to take military action against the Moors.

After the subsequent encounter he is on record as having said "A Moro can fight his own weight in wild cats."

Arising out of these unequal battles, scores of stories have emerged illustrating the lengths to which the resolute Moors will go in their zeal to kill for their God.

They have been known when boycotted to seize the barrel of the rifle in their two hands, and force the blade even further into their body to enable them to get closer to their opponent. With one hand firmly holding the barrel to stop it from being withdrawn, they then attack with the knee in the other.

Moors have dropped their bleeding and broken bodies over the ground by their hands—this is death—in a last desperate effort to satisfy their insatiable blood lust.

Resisting every effort to subjugate them, the Moors maintained a form of self Government until April, 1945.

Then, wearying of the unequal struggle, Francisco Hoshi Pandan, adopted daughter and niece of Sultan Jamalul Karam II, transferred the loyal ownership of her hundreds of slaves to the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

Today the Sultan of Sulu is only the spiritual and de facto ruler of the Moors, and his subjects have adopted some peaceful means of earning a living, and a less violent form of religious devotion.

But even in 1941 reports occasionally filter into Manila of one or more who have gone "Jaramas" in the manner of his forbears.

For slaves there is the illusion of the heavenly harem of beautiful women to live them on to death and destruction.



Reluctant and His Guardian Angels—No 12





# The man who was cricket

A fiery-tempered man, with a beard looks all tradition and made himself a national name

THE English have the reputation of being a phlegmatic race. It is a well-deserved reputation, based on over hundreds of years by millions of men whose heart it was that they were or had without emotion, with any public display of feeling being "bad form."

The cult of the poker face probably reached its peak in Victorian England. Which makes it strange that the cold members of London's most conservative clubs should have so far

forgot themselves in the 19's to abuse a man to the echo and fight to shake his hand.

And even more strange that the bearded giant so treated took the abuse as his due. In view of everything, he seems to have been quite a man.

He was. The man who made Victorian England forget its established code of rigid behaviour was William Gilbert Grace, a Doctor of Medicine by profession—and by natural opti-

mism and training the greatest cricketer the world had seen.

Grace was more than a cricketer in the world in which he lived. He was cricket itself.

His progress resembled a Royal tour. There were great receptions and fetes wherever he went.

In a time and country where a twelve-hour day was considered a fair thing, and the idea of a five-and-a-half-day week little short of heresy, Grace popularised a game that was played on working days without serious opposition.

Anybody else who had shown any desire to lure the masses from the pot or the clerk from his nest would have been denounced as a menace to the Empire, the Established Church and the sanctity of the British home.

Grace was expert in tradition, the rigid conventions of Victorian etiquette, and the masses publicly accorded sport in his day, to become not only a household word, but the household word.

What was the answer?

Undoubtedly, the basic reason for his fame was his ability with bat and ball. His batting was superb. He played on wickets that would not only be considered fit for a high school match. Yet it is remembered that it was "cruelness prying that bowling on to him." He attacked consistently, and his repertoire of strokes was complete. He liked to straight drive, and his power was enormous. Before rapidly increasing weight slowed him down, he moved with the agility of a cat, getting down the pitch to slow bowlers, and punishing them severely.

He thought any ball that might be considered loose should be hit out of the ground . . .

On his day, Grace could demolish any attack. In 1888, he faced Australia, with Spofforth "the demon bowler" and a powerful battery of

supporting transients, and completely demoralised them, to the tune of a record-five 136.

His bowling, though good, was not up to the standard of his batting, which in his three class careers notched him no less than 5288 runs. But he was a guileful slow bowler, and bagged 286 wickets in first class matches, although only nine were in Tests against Australia.

His fielding might have been the weak point in his cricket. He regarded it as a bore. His huge hairy paws were always safe, but he showed a disinclination for ground fielding and looking up, especially as he got older.

Good as was his cricket, it could not explain fully his extraordinary hold on public imagination. He was a legend, and legends are built on more complicated foundations.

We possess information exists, but the explanation is apparently that Grace had "color."

What "color" is, is indefinable, but it is apparently the quality of something everything that is done with a sort of heroic quality.

Outside of Grace, few people have had it. Surprisingly enough, one of Grace's contemporaries in another field captured public imagination in the same way. It was John L. Sullivan.

Like Sullivan, Grace had many fine, mainly qualities. But—like Sullivan, too—he had far more than his share of the Old Adam, traits that might have blighted a career, and unlovable attributes compared to many of his rivals.

Grace was fiercely vindictive. He cared nothing for minors or pursuits in which he himself did not indulge. That precluded most things outside cricket, talking about cricket, and eating and drinking.

He once lectured a member of his country team for reading in the train,

Watch your hair, man! Trade experts say the angle is an index to your character or mood. A hat-dog straight on the head indicates lack of imagination; worn too much over the nose, a peak too much to one side, too much bounce. Full hair needs broad crown hair, thin hair, tapered crown, long features, taller crown . . . And watch those angles!

on the grounds that "reading books never helped anybody."

He was certainly not a good sport judged by present-day standards . . . or even by the much less exacting standards of his time. Lord Hawke, one of his greatest friends and fans, wrote as much. Many of his methods annoyed all the "new powers."

The trademark appeals for slow bowlers off his own bowling were less appeals than demands. Most of the umpires were ex-professionals. They didn't like offending The Doctor, and The Doctor knew it.

If he gave a chance when batting, he was not above doing his best to back a fielder's making the catch. "Miss it, damn you!" was one of his favorite cries.

He frequently argued with umpires when given out. On one occasion, famous test bowler Kirtwright slipped off a ball with a beautiful in-swing. Grace argued—and argued successfully—that the wind had lifted the ball. An eye later, Kirtwright spun got through his defense, and spread-

eagled both middle and leg stumps. "Don't go, Doctor!" he yelled. "There's still one standing!"

Grace was a money-grubber of the worst type. He had no time for professionals, and thought it a disgrace that the Australians should be claimed as amateurs when they were paid for loss of time. But he found no straps to stand in the way of his accepting 50 guineas "expenses" for appearing as matches.

Yet, when this huge, black-bearded figure came through the gate and walked heavily-footed to the wicket, he seemed somehow to be one of the gods . . . a superman to Demetrius. And he dominated the scene until he left the field.

Ernie Jones, a truly tough diamond and definitely no sportsman, perhaps best summed up the feelings of bowlers opposing the idol. "I hope I never get him for a duck," he said. "It would be like breaking a cathedral window."

Grace led the Test side for 25 years. His first knock against Australia, in 1880, produced 100, a featless exhibition of batting against fine bowling. He appeared only once in Australia, when, past his best, but still scored freely, and stylishly enough to show what had once been there.

When the series of 1888 loomed in England, Grace as usual was chosen as captain against the Australians. Nobody questioned his winning powers. But an English team without Grace? Demetrius took it unthinkable!

The first Test, played at Nottingham, saw Grace get 111 out of 131, in reply to Australia's 82. Then Australia, on a hot crumpling wicket, set 80.

Things were not good for England as Grace, and his partner Fry, shaped a ball towards mid-on, for a scorching

single. Two balls later, with Bill Howell bowing, The Doctor played forward to a nice length ball that tumbled from the pitch, swung enough to beat the bat and took the off-stump.

The bearded giant did not leave immediately. But for once he didn't dispute the umpired decision. He looked irritably at the shattered wicket for some seconds, then shrugged his shoulders. Then, with his ponderous gait, he walked slowly

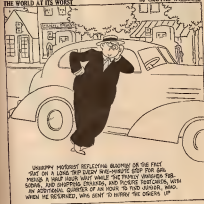
towards the pavilion . . . without a glance at the pitch.

Half-way there, he passed F. S. Jackson, who was to succeed him as England's captain. "We all owe Jackson! I don't play again," he rumbled.

Just before he reached the gate, walking out of the game he had really made, he passed a young Australian batsman player in his first Test match. His name was Victor Trumper.

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GRUYAS WILLIAMS





Artificial insemination is now a branch of science which is potent with possibilities.

## artificial birth for supermen



THERE was a time—in the United States, at all events—when a rainy Sunday afternoon meant pretty much the same thing as pick and poke alive. But science has changed all that.

Today, the little woman who will know everything you and I have held sacred and worthwhile.

If she's in a mood for a baby, all

she has to do is to pick up the phone and ask for a messenger to deliver the essence of this or that genius, to be administered by her friendly physician.

Artificial insemination of the human and other animals isn't exactly new, but you haven't heard much about it as applied to women for obvious

reasons. The operation is always done in secrecy, but physicians are well aware that the practice is on the increase. It causes little commotion today because there are millions of women in Europe who have no other hope of having babies. And there still are some women who hold to the ancient belief that motherhood is one of the primary responsibilities and privileges of being a woman.

With more men to go around in America, women still find more reasons for calling on the test tube to substitute for the stork.

However that may be, there is plenty of evidence that more and more women are looking new and better reasons every day for making that doctor off the band highway along which the race has travelled for so long. Dr. Edward F. Gossard expresses the opinion in his book *The Children's Marriage* that the practice of human artificial insemination is likely to become as much controversial in the near future as did contraception a generation ago. And as one famous physician has put it, widespread availability of cheap and dependable contraceptives can be more damaging to the future of the race than the stem bomb and the modern bomb.

By comparison, the possibilities presented by the growing practice of fertilizing the human ovum with liquid obtained from an unknown "donor" are even more awe-inspiring. With the trend what it is today, it suggests the prospect of a future race in which the male factor of procreation will be limited to a few prepotent individuals of demonstrated powers, sanely confined or great public centers.

The wide interest of the medical profession in the subject of artificial insemination has been evidenced by numerous articles in the various pro-

fessional journals in one each which appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the authors but the presentations which should be taken by the physician who brings about the meeting between the and again to make her work legal and ethical. The ethical issue is met by obtaining appropriate statements from the interested woman and her husband, if she has one.

The latter should say, in effect: It is not possible for me to procreate. To guarantee the mental happiness and well-being of myself and wife I have requested the designated physician to inseminate my wife artificially with the sperm of a male whom he shall select. The doctor is advised of the desirability of obtaining a parallel statement from the woman. And then science takes over.

In the interests of the highest ethics, the physician states hereafter that the husband is so should be since and that the wife is perfectly capable of performing her part of the artificial marriage contract. That having been done, he casts about for a donor suitably anonymous and yet not too dissimilar in outward appearance from the husband.

It is important also, from purely scientific considerations, that the physician make an appropriate selection in terms of blood count, the RH factor, nasal organs, and so on. Naturally it would be a medical error if the progeny thus conceived should have coloring radically different from that of both husband and wife, or should have strikingly unequal abilities, when both husband and wife are sound heads.

The legal issues raised by bringing children into the world by scientific rather than natural means are many and complicated. This was recently highlighted by the decision of a London court involving the legitimacy of

## ANIMAL ARTIES (VII)

George the Goonzo was embraced by Genevieve, her suave and supple utterances made all his earlier howls, the yells about her neck, his knee, concealed such because rare that George could only lick his lips and budge his eyes and stare. He had the worst intentions, but Genevieve had none, she repulsed his sed attentions with a glance of cold ignore, she wanted George to try the hostility which she'd surely took him. When down on her, "Let's war," he said. She took him. Boy, that shook him!

—JAY-PAY

a test tube baby. In the case the judge decided that even though the legal husband had supplied the semen, which was ethically rejected by a learned physician, the marriage had not been consummated. He granted nullification of the marriage awarding custody of the child to the mother and declaring it to be illegitimate.

The case returned to much prominence in the British press that two members of the House of Commons called on Prime Minister Attlee to appoint a Commission to investigate the entire subject "with special reference to the problems of legitimacy and inheritance."

In the only case involving a child resulting from artificial insemination as far listed in the U.S., the judge ruled that the husband who had agreed in his wife having a baby with the aid of a doctor was not the legal father and could not have custody of the child after divorce.

E. I. Ivanoff, a Russian Human veterinarian, was the first doctor to successfully to undertake artificial insemination of cattle and sheep on the ground scale. But last pre-World War II Russia he secured revolutionary subsidies of a second nature. It should be recorded that Ivanoff's first request to the Russian Ministry of Agriculture for permission to use the technique he had developed received no better response than to be referred to the state Agricultural College at Moscow.

It is officially noted that a committee of defense-minded professors objected to having such untried experiments tried on their own. Therefore the unscrupulous Ivanoff could employ his talents with these animals he found it necessary to buy his own cows, with which he is used to have discussed very fine results.

The Russians were in fact the first to make large scale use of the technique

as technique developed by Ivanoff and his fellow workers for developing cows and sheep. An early in 1935 it was reported that at one Russian breeding center cattle were inseminated at a rate of one bull to 950 cows, and sheep at a much more liberal ratio of 15,000 cows to one ram.

The relatively small number of sperm in the seminal fluid of the stallion, however, is just one of the reasons why, for the most part, he has been left to procreate as nature intended.

To complicate the problem of artificially inseminating a mare, the life cells have an extremely ephemeral existence. A mare's egg dies within five to eight hours after ovulation unless fertilized and the sperm of the stallion has a maximum life of 48 hours at the outside, and usually lives not more than 24 hours. This means that it is usually necessary to service the mare more than once to ensure impregnation.

Once the male fluid has been obtained, it must be handled according to very precise rules to get best results. The sperm is a fragile and delicate cell, the life of which depends in large degree on the conditions of the medium in which it swims. Even under artificial insemination, operations must have sufficient longevity for a long search to find the ovum, if any. To keep the storage battery from running out before the polygraph is on its toes having grounds it has been found helpful to cool the fluid of large animals promptly to about 34-40 degrees. As the temperature the sperm remains almost dormant. Placed in the body of the receptive animal they quickly recover their activity, if the period of storage has not exceeded more than a few days a period which varies with individual species.

All of the authorities insist that

a detailed and thorough study of the sexual system of the animal is an essential preliminary to successful use of any of the various techniques of artificial insemination. The operator should understand not only the structure but also the functions of each part of the complicated genital— which are far more complex in the horse, for example, than in man.

The advantages of artificial insemination, as demonstrated in the dairy field under proper handling, include, first and foremost, more efficient use of the vital potential of desirable males. On the average, from 40 to 50 cows may be serviced from a single ejaculate from the bull. Best practice indicates that not more than eight to 12 services can be expected from the stallion, and only two to four from the mare, which supplies an enhancement of quantity if not quality.

Another advantage of artificial insemination is that it makes possible mating of animals which couldn't be bred otherwise because of distance of sex. It also has been used successfully to produce hybrids between species which do not voluntarily mate. For example, although have resulted from crossing of the male mules with a mare, and progeny have resulted from crossing domestic cattle with the zebu and bama.

If there have been any efforts to bring about new human families through similar untried means, they haven't been publicized.

But that the rapidly developing branch of the biological sciences is potent with possibilities of both good and evil for the human race is scarcely to be questioned.

To what extent it will be used, under what conditions, and with what results in society, only the future can show. We can only guess whether it will produce automations or super-men.

# is Hitler still alive?

There are facts you and son, but many Germans believe the Fuehrer is still in command.

ALBERT BRANDT



**M**ANY Germans recently whispered to each other, "Have you heard the Fuehrer on the radio?"

In fact, a voice has been heard on shortwave which, if it is not Hitler's own, is an uncanny impersonation.

And put the Nazi Fuehrer is officially dead since April 30, 1945, when allegedly he and his beloved Eva Braun committed suicide in the air

shelter of his own Berchtesgaden. Unofficially, however, the intelligence officers of the occupation forces check on every new rumor that Hitler is still alive. Was the broadcast the real thing?

Intelligence officers questioned some Germans on their "reliable democratic" list. A few of them had actually heard the broadcast when

they were taken with their short-wave sets on a certain Sunday morning. At 30 minutes past midnight they heard the Nazi hymn, Heil Hitler, and, on the 45 meter band. After a few minutes silence an announcer said, "Attention! Germans everywhere. The Fuehrer is speaking to you. Notify your neighbors and Hitler."

Then after a pause "Adolf Hitler" spoke for about five minutes. He ended his talk with "Deutschland erwache—Germany awaken." Then, we may remember, has been the revolutionary Nazi slogan with which Hitler always cut off his harangues.

A British correspondent heard of the broadcast. He interrogated Germans in all walks of life. One out of every five, he found, still believes that the Fuehrer is in hiding—probably without his associates. A former official of the Nazi propaganda Ministry had been certain that the "Hitler-is-not-dead" myth is a fake. But after he heard the mysterious broadcast, he too considered it possible that Hitler succeeded in fleeing Berlin when the Russians entered the city.

"In my official capacity," he said, "I had to attend most speeches Hitler made. It sounded exactly like Hitler. I tell you, the voice itself, the pronunciation of certain words, his peculiar hesitations, his microphone manner—everything from A to Z suggested the genuine Fuehrer."

He was asked: "Couldn't it have been a phonograph record? Many of Hitler's speeches have been recorded, haven't they?"

"No, it was not a phonograph record," answered the former Nazi official. "That recent voice talked about affairs which happen-to-day or have happened yesterday." He pointed out that the Russians have so far refused to join the other powers in their insistence that the top-ranking

war criminals of the world committed suicide. In 1945, for instance, Marshall Gregory Zhukov, then commander in chief of the Russian forces in Berlin, said, "Hitler may be still alive. The circumstances of his 'death' are very mysterious. No positive proof was found. He could well have taken off by special plane at the last moment."

In any case, an increasing number of "eye witnesses" have sworn that they had actually observed the Fuehrer's flight from Germany.

On July 3, 1945, Erich Kempke, the Fuehrer's private chauffeur, told the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg that he had seen and moved the dead bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun in the bunker of the Reich Chancellery. Kempke was described by the American prosecutor, Thomas Dodd, as "the only man able to say that Hitler was dead."

The former chauffeur declared that Hitler and Eva Braun had died between 1 and 230 p.m. on April 30, 1945, by their own hand. He had seen Hitler's corpse, wrapped in a blanket, lowered into a heavy crate, packed with gasoline and kerosene.

A few months later Joseph Goebbels Youth Leader, Arthur Axmann, swore that he could not find the Hitler myth, once and forever.

Axmann said he saw the dead Nazi chief, sitting upright on a divan, blood streaming down his right temple.

In 1945, the British Government ordered Professor M. R. Trevor-Roper, historian at Oxford University, to investigate all possibilities of Hitler's survival.

Professor Trevor-Roper could not discover any conclusive proof of the Fuehrer's death. Combining the word of the Chancellery, look by look, neither the truth of Hitler with these many gold filings could be found, nor the jewelry box is known to have worn. And where was Hitler's faithful dog, "Blondi," who never moved

In California, it is illegal to smoke in bed in Los Angeles magazine houses stated that he is determined to sentence all offenders in two months in prison without the option. It is also illegal for a restaurant to put unbroken bottles in the kitchen, restaurants, therefore, employ a man to break all bottles before they are not used.

a step from his mother's side? What the official investigation, however, established was that Hitler had spoken of sedition his own life. Between speech and action, however, there is a notorious difference.

There you have it, say the proponents of the theory of Hitler's survival. There is some proof that he is dead, but it is not conclusive.

Some time ago the German Left-wish pilot, Captain Peter Baumgart, testified that he had piloted Hitler and Eva Braun to an airfield near Copenhagen, Denmark, where another plane was waiting for them. The date? He had his logbook to prove that it was April 30, 1945.

Captain Baumgart's story got little publicity. A former Nazi bank officer, Arthur Friedrich von Angelstein-Machmann, testified before American Intelligence officers that on April 30, 1945, Hitler, Eva Braun and some other high Nazi officials left Berlin's Tempelhof Airfield in several planes. He had not only seen it with his own eyes—but had flown with them to Denmark. Who was the pilot of

Hitler's plane? Captain Peter Baumgart, he said.

Machmann said: "I am convinced that Hitler will reappear on the world scene one opportune day in the future."

"I know that Hitler, Martin Bormann, the deputy Fuehrer, and Eva Braun safely reached the Tempelhof Airfield in tanks. There four Junkers and seven Messerschmitt planes were ready to depart at a minute's notice. Hitler and Eva climbed into one of the Junkers, while Captain Peter Baumgart, the pilot, helped to stow away their luggage."

"Around 120 other people, mostly high SS (Hitler's Guard) officers, boarded the other planes. Under heavy handbonds we flew to South Denmark. We made a landing on the Danish Airfield of Thorsden. There we all lined up to say farewell to the Fuehrer. Adolf Hitler made a short speech, saying that the future would be brighter for the Reich later."

So let us assume, if you like, that the world's No. 1 War Criminal succeeded in avoiding his nemesis. Where could he have found a haven? Where does he hide?

The most persistent report is that Hitler is hiding in Argentina, having arrived there by airplane on May 1, 1945. A rumor-rum is that he escaped to South America in a long range submarine the day before the Nazi surrender. There are "eye witnesses" for both versions.

An Argentine business man, Soter Carlos Carmichael de Santiago del Estero, swore before veteran intelligence officers that on the night of May 1, 1945, he saw a four-engined German plane land on a strip of land near RioGrande on the Argentine-Paraguayan frontier. Four men and one woman alighted. One of them positively was Adolf Hitler, mouthed and all.

In June, 1945, the Argentine police found conclusive evidence that high Nazi officials had fled to Argentina's province of Patagonia in long range planes and established themselves there. But as early as June, 1945, any Argentine in the street could have been asked, "Where is Hitler?" and without hesitating an epoch he would have replied, "In Patagonia, of course."

Some time ago a British newspaper brought an interesting report from its Buenos Aires correspondent. A federal police inspector in Patagonia had been dismissed after he had notified his superiors that he had reason to believe that important Nazis had disembarked at San Julian on the Patagonian Coast. He also averred that they were harbored on the estate owned by a German well-known in Buenos Aires. Carried in evidence there gave the Nazi salute and everything was conducted as if they were within the Third Reich.

In the Soviet Zone of Germany people whisper from man to man another legend. Hitler is alive, they say. He is in Russian hands and will be tried by the U.S.S.R. in an court-mart.

Nonetheless? Not if you believe one of America's best-known former FBI men, Leon G. Turren. This old hand in investigating subversive activities is certain that Hitler is kept a prisoner by Stalin.

In his recent book, "Where My Shadow Falls," Leon G. Turren offers his explanation of Russian refusal to co-operate with the CROWCASS ("The Central Registry of War Criminals and Security Suspects") since March, 1946. In Berlin, the so-German met a senior officer of the Red Army, Lt.-Col. Vassilievsky. The American investigator mentioned that Hitler had evaded trial by suicide. The Russian smiled at this remark. When Turren stated that is spite of thorough investigation no trace of

Hitler's body had been found, the Russian burst into shrill laughter.

"Yes, Russia hides many a secret," he said. "One day the world will get up clothes shocks."

There are the facts given and not is Hitler still alive? That is anybody's guess!



## THE END OF Arguments



Does a fish diet really improve the brain?

No. The average man is just wasting his time pecking his system with fish, because the brain is fully developed at the age of six. According to Dr. Thomas of New York University, the superintention came about 1890. Chemists then found that the brain contained a good deal of phosphorus. A German named Bucher announced that without phosphorus there could be no thought. Some time later, Louis Agassiz, Professor of Natural History at Harvard, heard that fish are rich in phosphorus and concluded that fish were, therefore, good for the brain. Hence the popular maxim:

Should a live rabbit be lifted by the ears?

Not if you can avoid it. Though many people think that the proper way to handle rabbits is to lift them by the ears, naturalists say that this is a cruel practice because the skin of a rabbit is very sensitive. The best way to lift a rabbit is to grasp the loose skin above the shoulders with one hand and to support the under-part of the body with the other. When rabbits are lifted in this way they generally do not struggle, as they do when lifted by the ears or legs. The danger of injuring rabbits by lifting them by their ears or legs increases as they grow older and heavier.

Is there a country called San Salvador?

No. El Salvador (or simply Salvador) is the correct name of the Central American republic, which is the smallest and most densely populated country on the mainland of the Americas. It is a common mistake to call the country San Salvador, owing to confusion with the name of its capital. Republica de El Salvador is the official name of the republic in Spanish. El Salvador means "The Saviour" and was the name given to the region by its conqueror, Pedro de Alvarado, a Spaniard.

What is a human body worth?

About ten shillings. It has been estimated that if the chemical elements composing an average human body were isolated and sold at commercial prices, it would be worth about that sum. Two-thirds or more of the body is composed of oxygen and hydrogen in the form of water. Elements composing the human body occur in the following percentages: oxygen, 65; carbon, 18; hydrogen, 10; nitrogen, 3; calcium, 1.5; phosphorus, 1; potassium, 0.25; sulphur, 0.25; sodium, 0.25; chlorine, 0.15; magnesium, 0.05; iron, 0.004, and others, 0.0004. Besides these elements, the normal body also contains minute quantities of fluorine and silicon and, perhaps, manganese, zinc, copper, aluminium and cobalt.



## french for chic

They manage these things better in France . . . however you care to look at it . . . and here are two sides to the same question. Who is she . . . lovely Mathote Hottier, whose address is Paris. On the left, you see her as she appears in her latest play "It Takes Two to Make a Marriage" . . . and, if you ask us, that's quite sufficient. On the right, she gives her own version of Mathote Hottier. Which is time for us to Dietrich to look for her laundie, so to speak.

CARAVACADE, January 1931 29



At least, you must admit that she's picturesque... as Aristotle on the night seems only too eager to endorse. If you're talking about pin-up girls—or boys—then you must admit she has hers in the nicest surroundings.



But when it comes to decoration, Yvonne Mercier likes to leave a lasting impression. The lucky consort is one of France's leading caricaturists (Jean Effel).



# crazy man of

→ 42ND STREET



There's no better place than the old United States for selling a gold-trick or any of its more gleaming equivalents.

GIRALD AITCHISON

NO country in the world has looked up as much want to make money as America, but the "Crazy Man of 42nd Street" has attracted one of the most original and profitable ways—to turn a quick buck.

"Crazy Man" goes into his act in the evening, when the Avenue street is packed with people and abuzz with gaudy neon. He straggles along in a garb of drunkenness; but—unlike other drunks—he clutches

a handful of ten-dollar bills in each hand . . . which is enough to attract anyone's attention, let alone Americans.

As the character leans drunkenly against a building, still waving his mass of money, the marauding crowd collects.

Then comes an excited gasp. The man has struck a match and is actually burning a ten-dollar bill! Were it still, he drops the burning bill to

the pavement and leads the fire with all more crumpled bills!

In this time there may be anything up to a hundred people watching and wondering. Suddenly the "drunk" straightens up and produces a new sort of currency from his pocket.

"Here you are, friend! I fooled you, and you can fool your friends! Get my note . . . contains nothing ten-dollar bills, and only twenty-five cents for dear! The fun of the world for only a quarter! Who'll have the first dollar's worth?"

There is a moment of laughter . . . and soon the quarters, halves and dollars are pouring into the "Crazy Man's" pockets in exchange for steadily printed stage notes which may be bought in any novelty shop in America at one dollar for fifty "ten-dollar" bills.

It is a clever act—and profitable—but it may soon and become the American Federal Treasury intends to prohibit the production of the stage money.

Believe it or not, but some people have actually passed the fake notes in shops!

Another successful sales gag common in the cheaper movies, backstage and vaudeville shows of America is worked by fast-talking and quite unscrupulous charlatans during the intervals between shows.

Immediately the lights go on, two men stand at the front of the stage.

"Here you are, gent, the president bargain ever offered to an American! We want! A solid guaranteed three-piece ten and paired set with a high-gloss matching halfpant set given for nothing! These sets are packed in a handsome box, and the price marked on the producer is seven dollars and fifty cents. But by arrangement with the makers we are giving three sets away. Yours, GIVING them away! We're not selling these

ten sets, but we ARE selling a unique novelty. Take a look at this! Here it is! A tiny plastic camera, small enough for the vest pocket, but the pictures it already takes! Just look through the viewfinder, and what do you see? A lovely lady, in full color! Now turn the window . . . and the unknown and does a Charleston!"

"A full stoppage in a vest pocket, gent, and the price is only one small dollar! AND with each stop camera we GIVE you five sets absolutely free, just for the advertisement! Now, gent, who'll be the first? Thank you, sir!"

At each interval the apes are sold at least thirty of this junk. It looks like a big business . . . and sure enough, the price of \$1.50 is as a gold and on the gaudy legs. The little camera may be just trash, but most happen think they have a bargain.

Put up a sign of "Billboard," the famous warehouse of the American theatre and covered world, and look at some of the advertisements aimed at just such men as the theatre owners.

The ten and paired sets are marked three, the price \$5.00 a dozen sets! The little camera are there, too, at \$1.50 a dozen . . . ten cents each!

Therefore for about twenty-three cents, the apes are both pen and camera, and make a profit of about twenty-seven cents. Not bad! No matter in what language you happen to say it.

In Singapore shows, "girls" magazine-long sidewalk—use sold for twenty-five cents, with a "free" set of pictures of the performers at the theatre. The magazines are bought from the publishers for about two cents a copy, and the pictures are only bad halfpence on cheap paper. The profit is even greater than that made on the pen sets.

# Crime Capsules



**BARE BULIMUS**—The law, they say, breeds down from procedure to precedent. Here are a few of the latest precedents: (1) The Town Council, High Wycombe, England: "Cows are not conducive to ideal sporting conditions and must be kept off the town's sporting grounds." (2) Brooklyn, West Virginia (U.S.A.): "A school master has the right to whip children who stop on their way to school to eat ice-cream and then come into the classroom smelling like wild anise." (3) State Supreme Court Justice (Justice Ferdinand Pearson), New York City: "A husband who never returns the scars on his wife's body is not a real husband."

**CAR RACKET**—Ted Neder, of Wilmette, West Virginia (U.S.A.), is worth 1200 dollars because he was in a hurry to buy a new car. A fellow-employee at the foundry where Neder worked declared that he had "connections" and could get a new car within a week. All Neder had to do was to pay him 1200 dollars in advance so that the "connections" could swing the deal. Neder had known his fellow-workmen for several years and paid up promptly. Delivery was promised within six days. Unfortunately, police broke up the racket two days after Neder paid his deposit. Fifty dollars (including 20 from the factory where Neder worked) had been swindled. A pair of four made

a clean get-away with 120,000 dollars. Footnote: The worker who accepted the deposit was innocent and acted in good faith. The racketeer had promised him two per cent commission on every deal he closed. Even the man delivered as bait was a spy. The police learned that they had already been heavily recharged to finance companies.

**SKELETON ASSASSINS**—None of the guests at a masked ball held in 1940 at home of Colonel Rodolfo Lozada, Governor of the State of Sonora, Mexico, danced more gaily than four ebullient wearing skeleton costumes and death's head masks—and no one was more dancing with the secretaries. Their masks, costumes put them in the spotlight and they revelled in it until midnight. Then, in full view of the audience, they approached the guest of honor, bowed to his companions, Escobar de Michel, and announced: "From the Evil One sends you a pallid message, Senor!" Drawing their pistols, they then shot Lozada dead and, lighting their way through a police cordon, vanished without trace.

**BO-RAGGED**—When Fred Zelenewski, Chicago truck driver, caught a burglar in his room, he made the intruder take off his pants; go next door without them, and call for the police to come round and collect him. Which they did.



EVERARD

# a knife for the

# ears of Yusuf

His honour was at stake and the stain could be wiped away only in the grim manner of his race

HENRY D. WRIGHT ■ FICTION



"Where went thou after sunset, *ya*?" Husni! Ah was asking

HUSMAT ALI waited at the well Yusuf would be there soon.

Husmat's mahogany-brown face was wet. His burning black eyes stared vacantly at the shaggy sapling "thunder" he held in his left hand.

He would have to be very careful and strike just hard enough to stun and avoid killing.

He walked over to the thorned tree and sunk his wide-bladed combat knife deep into a dead stump of

timber, threw the "thunder" to the ground, together with a small coil of rope he carried over his arm; and, after one last glance towards the well-worn trough where it straddled the nearby ridge, squatted on his heels.

He broke off a twig from a lantern bush beside him and chewed the frayed end slowly.

"And so do all things return," he quoted softly to himself. "As Allah will."

He let his thoughts wander back over the years to the day when, in his quest for water, he had dug the well here. He remembered how proud he had been when he had shown the well to Husmat, his girl wife, and how her eyes had opened wide in amazement.

He sighed deeply as he remembered his hopes for a large family. Truly his seed had not found in her fertile soil.

Husmat! Ah sighed again. "So be it—Allah is all-wise," he muttered.

Looking up, he saw the man Yusuf

approaching the well. Yusuf drew closer and cried in greeting, "Selamun wa'alaikum."

"Wa'alaikum Selam," Ah answered, rising to his feet. "What news?"

"Today we begin to cut Kennedy school's number five field. Husmat! Ah had it from Head Bushader yesterday afternoon," answered Yusuf. He squatted on his heels as Husmat Ah had done.

"And where shall thou speak with Husmat?" Husmat inquired slyly.

"I waited with him last night before sunset," replied the other.

SOME  
SMALL CONSOLATION FOR  
SCHOLARS WHOSE  
HOLIDAYS ARE ENDING

Latin is a dead tongue  
Iceland or dead can be  
First it killed the Romans—  
Now it's killing me

—JAY-PAT

"He and the others from the settlement call for us at six of the clock." Husemat Ah, crumpling the piece of sapphire in his hand, stepped to Yusuf's side.

"Tell me, what went is that?" Yusuf glanced at it. "Gems," he stated flatly. "Told you think to fool me by posing it?"

Husemat brought the "Mishada" up and down in a swift holding as they ended in a dead thud on the awaiting man's head. Yusuf collapsed slowly onto his face.

Husemat Ah dropped to his knees and pressed an ear to his victim's chest. The heart-beat he heard was strong and steady. He rose hurriedly and, without hail of one lamp wick, dragged the body, then down as it lay, to the abandoned tent.

It was no easy task to lash the unconscious form into an upright position against the trunk; but in his urgency he did it quickly. Turning the soiled white sash loosely from the low slacks, he used them to bandage the sagging head securely to

the trunk. He drew a bucket of water from the well and washed the naked figure, then squatted where, without turning his head, he could watch both his victim and the path to the well.

Yusef's body twitched. His eyes rolled in agony.

The whisper that reached Husemat's ears was hoarse with pain.

"Black—black—black—Amarh Husemat!" He kept calling for his father until Husemat Ah spoke in a loud clear voice.

"What want thou after midnight, pa?" he demanded.

Yusef's mouth strove vainly to form words. Then, defeated at last, it sagged again.

"Answer, me, Hih, thy name grows short!" Husemat commanded.

Words tumbled from the prostrate man's lips.

"I slept, Husemat Ah Gee—I slept before midnight—I swear it, Husemat Ah Gee—by all things holy I swear it—"

Husemat Ah's voice was deadly with hate. "Thou lying son of a pig! Was it the spirit, then, that walked in my sugar cane?" he said.

"Mercy! Mercy! Have mercy on thy father, Husemat Ah Gee—for the love of Allah, have mercy on me! Thou art of my dung—my chance, I swear it. Mercy, O Great Allah—" the writhed man's voice rose to a wail as Husemat Ah rose to his feet.

"Dettling sworn! Call on Allah for mercy, I have none for thee!" He spun full into his victim's face.

He jerked his own-knife from the stump, and with practiced fingers performed on Yusuf an operation he had often done on his own and his neighbor's young bulls before breaking them to the plow. He was thus occupied when the howls stopped abruptly as the writhed man flinched, but he completed the thing swiftly

without of the short time left him, as went on to remove both ears, cutting them off close to the head.

He drew a second bucket of water and threw it over the writhed's face. Then, while he counted slowly, he sat and sharpened a short piece of wooden branch. After a brief wait he drew impatient, and without showing any visible quiver at the horror of his act lifted one eyelid and splashed the pointed stick deep into the bloodshot eye.

The naked creature wailed a howling scream of anguish.

Again his barbaric moved, plunging a pointed stick deep into Yusuf's other eye. The screaming rose to an ear-splitting crescendo.

Husemat Ah stood at the withering, whitened figure. Then in a voice hardly above a whisper he called:

"And may the name of Allah remove with the spirit for all eternity!"

He turned on his heel and followed the path that led to his home.

Smoke snaked lazily through the one-stem thatch of his kitchen as Husemat walked to the lean-to that housed his agricultural tools. He chose a coil of new muslin rope and took a file from its shelf in a wall post. He walked to the open-walled rack but, hung the rope as a protecting brace, and seated himself cross-legged on the smooth dung and clay floor. He began to file the already sharp edge of his knife, testing the keenness now and again with his thumb. He waited, eyes straining intently to the kitchen doorway.

He watched Husemat come through the entrance.

Her hair had fallen away from her head, revealing her jet black hair and shoulder throat with its webbing of linked coverings.

"Tidman wadehman, Ah," she bid him, placing "daughter," anxiety away and goat's milk on the floor

before him. "Be pleased to eat."

Husemat ignored the greeting, drawing his eyes instead on the full, peaked breasts her unadorned bodice revealed as she bent forward. He noticed a tinkle of perspiration sweating its way between them.

Husemat Ah moved warily at his wife, following the lead of her body from her head to her feet.

"Wine thy hand and look at me, Husemat," he said tenderly.

She obeyed slowly but her eyes would not meet him. Husemat admired the beauty of the face before him. For long minutes he watched her. Then in the distance he heard a clatter of voices.

Husemat heard it also, for the looked up at him hastily and said:

"The food grows cold, Ah, and the fellow outside approaches."

He looked at his wife.

"Where I go there is no need for food. How didst thou know the others would call for me, Husemat?" he asked gruffly.

She recoiled silent, but her shoulders began to shudder.

He rose, crumpled the fresh linen. "Farewell, oh thou wretched woman!" he whispered.

He reached out and greedily lifted from her back the black and sticky plaits, whisking them around his head as he passed them clear of his dusky work. He stooped and pressed his lips to the bowed head. Then, sighing quickly, he roused his limbs and dashed.

He stared vacantly at the headless body at his feet, his limp fingers slowly releasing their burden. Because he saw not through the tears that blinded his eyes, he gazed blindly for the rope.

He started staring toward the jack-thrust tree, his fingers feverishly tying a slip-knot in the rope. "As Allah wills," he gasped.

# desert patrol

The sergeant with a grinch was leading a rookie cop side on a desert chase for a killer . . . but was he worth or was?

JAMES PRESTON • FICTION

A sudden bullet came to young  
opticians from the rock and  
made him jerk instinctively.

THE two men rode over the hill and down into the valley where the ruins of the last still unadorned. Slowly they looked down at the huddled form of the old prospector. Sergeant Brough, tough as an ironbar and almost as weathered, jerked roughly at the bridle of his hat and swung from his saddle.

"We'll bury this poor devil and wrap him," he said.

Constable Madson jerked up his

head and looked at the other with a puzzled frown. "Camp?" he said.

Brough lifted his eyebrows and glanced up. "That's what I said, constable."

"But there's two hours of daylight yet."

"Two and a half to be precise." Madson felt his face begin to burn and swung stiffly to the ground.

The following morning Brough had him out of his blankets before day-

break. The bottomman of the previous night still creaked in Madson and he jerked at the girth nervously, swinging his horse to draw away.

Brough said "Take it easy, constable," and Madson patted his shoulder against the horse and swore.

With the sunrise they moved out of the valley, Brough leading.

Brough still set sunlight and fire at his saddle. Dust and heat and flies and the rasped snail of horse

swart didn't seem to worry him. He was always there just ahead, a damn good suspect. There was no doubt he knew his job. Under different circumstances Madson could have liked him. As it was, he almost hated the man.

It had begun back at Canoncito. Madson had been there only a week when the Inspector had called them in and told them of the murder.

"From what I hear, this is the work

Query from the United States. "This concerns my wife, whom I last met in Sydney when I was a G.I. The other day, she left me on the beach, broke my glasses, kicked me in the shins, then she tossed all my belongings down the street after that, she took the baby to a neighbor's house, came back, called the police, and threw the kitchen clock at me, she also turned some chinwags at me, looked me out of the house, played the coffee company, and filed suit for divorce. Do you think she will love me?"

of Langan," he told them. "I believe he will head west. I want you to let him head west."

"Do you think it's wise to send Constable Maclean with me, sir?" Brough asked.

The Inspector smiled thinly. "He needs experience, sir. I couldn't think of any better man to teach him."

Maclean had missed the friction between the two older men and had put a down to the fact that Brough seemed such a mean arrival being sent with him into the desert.

Brough turned to his saddle and beckoned Maclean up beside him. "If you were Langan, constable, which way would you go?" he asked.

Maclean shifted in his saddle, away from the other's scrutiny, but keeping his eyes ahead.

"I don't know," he said. "I know little of this part of the country."

Brough laid his shoulder respectfully. "You have a lot to learn, constable."

"I come here to learn," Maclean said shortly.

"You will," Brough said. "A man never stops learning in the desert—half of life's willing to learn."

Maclean did not reply. He caught

the bitterness in the other's voice and wondered.

"What makes you think he came the way?" he asked Brough.

Brough smiled slightly. "I don't think I know he would."

Maclean looked at him in surprise.

"The Inspector said he would head west."

"While we head north. Is that what's worrying you?"

Noted Maclean said. "But what if he did head west?"

Watching the last waves rising from the horizon, Brough said: "History would repeat itself, constable. I would be decorated for dispatching an outlaw from the Inspector."

Late in the afternoon they came to a meadow shaded by a few trees. For some time Brough sat looking at the ground, his old grey eyes taking in every leaf and stalk. Then he swung from the saddle and stood with his back to the saddle and with his hands clasped over his arms. Waving the flies from his face, he said:

"See that rocky outcrop dead ahead?"

Maclean shaded his eyes and nodded.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Langan's there."

Maclean almost dropped his saddle in surprise. "Then why don't we go and I don't understand."

Brough glanced over his shoulder. "Where are lots of them you don't understand," he said.

Maclean sat back the last word that came to his lips. He could feel the blood racing in his face and turned away. Was the old sergeant deliberately trying to reveal Langan? Was Brough afraid of him? Maclean was still thinking it over when he rolled into his blankets.

It was after midnight when Brough woke him. He laid the handle of his saddle horn looped over his arm.

"I'm going to take a look around, constable," he said. "I want you to stay here for me."

Maclean rolled out of his blankets and stood up. "In the middle of the night?" he said.

"It will be daylight by the time I get where I'm going."

"And while I'm waiting and you're riding around the country, who's going after Langan?"

"Leave the worrying to me, constable, and just stay asleep," Brough said. Maclean could not see his face as he swung into the saddle, but he heard the cheer in the older man's voice.

He watched the sergeant ride into the night, then propped his back against a tree and lit a cigarette.

When daylight came he saddled his horse.

An hour later Maclean rode up to the rocks. He carried his rifle across his middle and his eyes moved restlessly from side to side, watching for the slightest movement.

Alert as he was, the bullet that whanged against him from the rock at his side made him jerk back instinctively. His rifle slipped and he made a grab for it, then his horse

snared and a scuffling pair scrambled his left leg as it was crushed against the rock. He let the ground with a gas that brought a grunt of pain.

His horse went galloping back the way he had come. Through the shimmering pain mist before his eyes he saw a man step from some rocks on the left and stand there shading his eyes against the sun. The man wore blue and brought his rifle up. Maclean rolled to the right, taking his rifle with him and the shot missed. He threw a shot in reply and avoided into the shelter of the rocks.

In the safety of the rocks he wiped the sweat from his face.

"You over there?" the man called.

"You can start saying your prayers."

Maclean carefully laid his rifle on the last showing above the rocks and fired. A smoking branch was his answer and he swung stiffly, knowing that he had been tricked.

"You fool," the voice came again.

"You don't think you can beat Steve Langan in his own country, do you?"

"I'm going to have a damn good try," Maclean told him.

Maclean shifted his position to move his leg and a bullet stopped the rock by his head. He ducked quickly. Langan was no fool with a rifle. While he stayed where he was Langan wouldn't rush him. But he had no water and the sun was hot. If he passed that.

He tried to put these thoughts from him, but they pointed. How long could he last without water? And when the sergeant came back, would he know where to find him?

Watching intently he saw Langan peer cautiously around the base of a jagged splinter of rock. He fired and saw the flash disappear quickly. He waited for a reply but none came. Perhaps he had got Langan with that shot.

"Better clear out before they catch

up with you Langan," he called. "Think I'm a fool?" Langan replied. "The women'll have your eyes before they know you're coming." "You don't think I'd come on my own, do you?"

Langan laughed. "Tryn' to scare me, eh?"

That made Maclean feel a little better because it looked as if Langan did not know there were two of them on his tracks. But where were the women?

The sun climbed higher and he began to feel thirsty and the throbbing pain in his head increased. He seized his leg in a more comfortable position and as he did so something shrank on the ground close to the base of the rocks caught his eye. It was a small tin of beer that he carried for emergencies.

He sat a careful shot skimming over the top of the boulder where Langan lay, then stood for the tin.

He reached it and sprung for cover again. He lay doubled under him as he felt and Langan's shot passed over his head.

Still watching the ridge, he took out his knife and prised open the lid of the tin. The meat inside looked firm and cool. He cut off a small portion and put it in his mouth. It was awful. He spat it out and tossed the tin high in the air, watching it curve over to drop in the rocks in front of him. It rolled and lay glissing on the sun.

"Getting thirsty, copper?" Langan called and Maclean threw another shot at the rocks on the ridge. Langan laughed. "You got plenty of water here," he taunted. "It won't be long now."

Towards midday Maclean's leg pain felt like a fiery ball in his mouth. The thought of water set a hundred yards away almost made him lose control of himself.

Some time later Langan called. "I'll make a bargain with you copper."

Maclean did not reply and Langan called again. Then the hat appeared over the top of the rocks. Maclean sat quiet and waited his enemy's head against the rocks. Langan stopped out and sprung back. After a while he came out again and stood looking towards the rocks. Maclean did his best to keep his rifle steady, but his shot looked the dust at Langan's feet. Langan drew for cover.

The tin glancing in the sun reached Maclean and he reached out with his left and dislodged it. It clattered down and when he sat back he could not see it.

As the afternoon lengthened Maclean felt weaker. A black mist crept towards his eyes. He came to with the sun on his face.

Why didn't Langan come and finish it? A bullet would be better than this. His throat ached. He tried to

move and the pain stabbed along his side. He heard a shot then the blackness came down over him again.

The next thing Maclean remembered was water trickling—a drop at a time—down his throat. He didn't try to reason how this came about, but lay there and let the water run over his parched throat. When at last he opened his eyes it was to find through bleeding over him.

The old sergeant pressed him back. "Don't worry, he's sick enough."

When he had recovered a little Maclean sat up and looked around. Langan, a bleeding sword on his face and the bandage sticking in the sun, stood in one end.

"How did you find me?" Maclean asked through.

The sergeant retrieved the cap back on his water bottle and stood looking down at him. "I suppose I owe you an explanation," he said. "But first, why didn't you wait for me?"



# BRIDGE SCORE

Her husband handles firearms?  
Quite ably, I expect.  
At least on his advances  
He's certainly direct.

Your husband likes the ropes?  
Ah, now you're getting worse.  
Just put him through his  
paces.—  
He surely knows his form!

—BENJA FARMER

Madison moved uncomfortably. "I wanted to see if you were right about Longan being here."

Brough's lips curved in what could have been a smile. He nodded. "I did the same thing many years ago—there's why I've still a naghead."

"With a grudge," Madison said.

"With a grudge," Brough repeated. "The Inspector never let me forget it. You wouldn't know about that."

"Where did you go last night?" Madison asked sharply.

Brough looked out over the dimly-lit street and when he replied his voice was low.

"Many years ago," he said, "I disappeared on order, and made a mistake. The Inspector was right and I was wrong. I didn't want to do the same thing again."

"But you knew Longan would be here."

"Yes. It's the only way for the real story to be told. I figured he would be about here, but I wanted to make sure. This morning I took a look

at his traps—farther on and when I got back you were gone."

"So you hunted for him?"

"Not on me. I wasn't sure if you had come on. Then I saw the man on your rifle."

Madison smiled wearily. "Not my rifle," he said. "It must have been that man. I've been out to it for a few hours."

The sergeant turned to look at the man slinking among the rocks. Longan dove for his rifle. His hand-cuffed wrists slowed him a little, but he caught it up and fired from the hip. Brough straightened as though he touched hard in the back and stamped down. Longan swung round, but Madison fired from where he lay and his bullet ploughed into Longan's chest. He crumpled and went down.

Madison climbed to his feet and stepped over to Brough. A red stain spread quickly across the sergeant's shirt front as Madison turned him over. Brough's lips moved.

"By what I mean about learning," he said. He coughed and blood spattered his shirt front.

"I'll see you back to camp," Madison said.

Brough shook his head. "No use," he whispered. "Don't forget to tell the Inspector . . . he headed west."

"But he didn't."

"Doesn't matter . . . Inspector said . . . west."

Madison covered the man all from carefully.

As he crouched the sergeant's hands and clanked stuffy into the middle of his lips set grimly. When he got back he would tell the Inspector that Longan had gone north, not west. The Inspector wouldn't like that, but Madison was looking forward to telling his father what a stubborn old fool he had been.

"Thank goodness! I thought it was my husband!"





# Yet we marry them

By CRITICAL EIDSON



You had a Christmas knock-  
she wanted it . . . a kiss for  
the knock. She got the knock  
— you collected a knock on  
the eye and crumpled around for  
weeks, denying the ritual re-  
marks of the school kids who  
had "it straight down her throat"  
you had tried to kiss her.

I like her more all the  
more at the first show  
she didn't like the second  
she hated the next she  
loathed the star in the film  
of the next picture . . .  
then you shook a third wife  
and the film she wanted  
to see . . . by then there all  
the shows had sold out . . .  
and you knew the real  
leader . . .



you make arrangements  
to call upon her one evening . . .  
you arrive . . . she has left a  
message to meet at the hotel to  
go out for a moment . . . you  
spend the rest of the evening  
listening to Aunt Henry tell the  
tale the story of her family's  
various amputations, etc. . . the  
phone rings . . . you stand out  
well as the company has decided  
to spend the night with a girl  
friend.



you come home with a  
head you cannot in hours find  
usable comfort . . . she gave you  
a long lecture dealing with the  
evils of prepared viaticum . . .  
then wheeled the beds off you  
just to trouble you a little.



. . . you went to a cock-  
tail party given by your  
boss . . . she tries to "put  
off" with the host . . .  
inside the house . . .  
falls into the fish pond  
. . . upon arrival home  
she finds what's left of  
the night bowling you  
out for making an ac-  
quaintance of yourself.



# STRANGER and Stranger



**RICH ON RAIDS**—A supposed house merchant in Portsmouth (England) found that robber dens were taking good years. He decided to go all-out for the business while the market was soaring. He employed a team of men to go from house to house asking for shares. He also bought a motor-lorry and took his booty up to London once a week. He came back with the cash. Soon his hauls a larger staff, more lorries and was making several trips to London each week. He ran so long one sold his business for a peak price and died, leaving \$10,000.

**REPORT COURTEOUS**—The prison in Seattle (Spain) is so ramshackle that escape is easy. Recently several of the inmates departed without warning. The guards were not damaged. He merely issued a notice to the local newspaper, bearing his ex-prisoners to return. The newspaper replied through the same medium, offering to return if the missing was impressed.

**MINE'S MONEY**—Arriving for work at the pit-head is a \$100 when car comes thirty-three-year old Edwin Midgley a man of South Kirby colliery (England). A year ago, Mr Midgley was \$10,000 in a locked pool but after a long

hitch he found he was getting bored with doing nothing. So he became a miner once more. "I've always been a roller and always will be," states Mr Midgley who is the father of four children. "Besides I want to keep my money for a rainy day."

**HOUSE HAZARD**—Mr. C. W. S. Trenchard of London (England) claims that he has a singing mouse. "It chirps," he says, "and sings like a bird. Usually it is out of sight apparently as the walls, but in different parts of the house at different times. Once I tracked it down and watched it for a moment. It sat at a corner, swinging all over like a wood-warbler in full song as it chirped and talked without pause. Then I raised and it vanished."

**ROBOT BRAIN**—American Airlines have contracted for a giant mechanical brain to streamline ticket-selling. The machine (being built by the Teletypewriter Corporation of New York) will keep a running inventory of available space on all flights out of New York and connecting flights as well. It promises to reduce ticket-selling costs by about 25 per cent, and speed up the process. It may be the forerunner of automatic machines that will handle inventory problems for many businesses.



"I think I will sit as well come all mixed up—I always leave that way!"



## nightmares are curious



Are nightmares funny . . . or aren't they? Well, you'd better consult Broadway comedian Rod Marshall about that. Marshall claims that he has had every kind of nightmare in the studio book . . . from the little pink elephant job right along to lying your pants in the middle of a pink-bean-eater. At the moment, he seems to be having awake-trouble . . . for which there's no one blaming the bar-tender . . . he's pushed up and gone home. But worse is still to come.



She may be the queen in his coffee, the menu, but why the heck does she sprout a beard like that? It's enough to put any man on the wagon.



Aha-a-a-h, what a break! The board's gone but what's the use? She's glorious, she's gorgeous and she's asking But what can Marshall do about it? What could you do if you suddenly found yourself tied hand and foot.

## printers to BETTER HEALTH



### THAT TIRED FEELING . .

If you're feeling over-tired, you can put it down to one of thirteen causes: (1) working when you are suffering from illness; (2) playing when you should be resting; (3) working fatigues brought about by noise; (4) optical fatigue, due to over-use of the eyes; (5) general physical fatigue as the result of hard work or loss of sleep; (6) working in bad air; (7) too much alcohol or tobacco; (8) fatigue from faulty diet; (9) chronic, custom-made poisoning from driving a car with a faulty exhaust; (10) run-down state during recovery from infection; (11) repercussions from depression and worry; (12) infections of the teeth, tonsils and sinuses; and (13) fatigue resulting from over-ambition in marriage.

### EYES RIGHT . . .

The whites of your eyes should be a bright, glossy blue, shining with the liquid glass formed by the natural oils. Your eyes require two hours more rest than your system needs sleep. If you usually sleep seven hours, you must give your eyes an extra two hours rest during the day. Do this, and you won't need to worry about fine work or constant reading running your sight. Keep your eyes clean with regular eye-baths—a separate bath for each eye,

an inflammation or infection spread quickly. Squinted eyes exercise a to blink repeatedly. Whenever you think of it have a blinking period. It sets everything round the eyes working properly again.

### EXERCISE YOUR HEART . . .

Complete inactivity is dangerous for a heart-patient, declares Dr. William D. Leeman, a Philadelphia (U.S.) cardiologist. Dr. Leeman says that a heart-patient, urged "to take it easy," may quit his job, be quarantined among the unemployed for years and die at an early age. It has been shown that over 75 per cent of patients attending heart clinics can perform useful and productive work and support their families. Similar views have been expressed by Dr. William D. Broad, professor of cardiology at the University of Pennsylvania. He explained that nature has a way of opening up the four blood vessels when arterial arteries become clogged and no longer supply the area of the heart-muscle with blood. Moreover, modern science has the treatment of heart disease well in its grip and new drugs are proving extra-efficient in checking on recovery. What was once regarded as a deadly sentence is now known to be a disease which can be mastered.

# the Spawning of Hell's Kitchen

J. W. HERING



From woodland heavily grew one of America's vilest haunts of naked vice and brutal crime.

IN New York was once a children's babbling with vine and mayhem which they called Hell's Kitchen. Everybody knows that—but how and where and when? And also why? With a few who's who.

Hell's Kitchen lasted a long time—about a century too long. It began early in the nineteenth century and was not closed out until as late as Brown's G-boys, working with squads

of New York police, ran a vicarous war R.

If you had been looking for the site of Hell's Kitchen about the beginning of the nineteenth century (which was before it existed) you would have walked down what is now Thirty-ninth Street . . . then only a woodland path, running towards the Hudson River on the West Side of New York. There were trees—yes,

trees with birds in them . . . and not mol-birds either.

That was the Aspinwall Estate, stretching from what are now Fifthth Street to Twenty-ninth Street. There was a huge English mansion house occupied by the Aspinwall clan.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the immigrants from Europe were pouring into New York, poor, illiterate and desperate. They crowded into already crowded tenement-house broken-down mansions, a large number of Germans, with grotesque sprinklings of Greeks, Italians, Jews, Poles and Negroes.

In the very early years of the nineteenth century the Aspinwall family died out. The caretaker's lodge was still open, for the Aspinwall gardener remained as caretaker over the boarded-up house. Around 1830, the caretaker team of the Aspinwall estate decided to make an what was rapidly becoming a ruin. They upth the estate up. John Jacob Astor and similar shrewd men of money realized that New York property was going to rise in value. Jumped in with both feet and hands full of shoguns, and grabbed up the estate. Astor and his men ran up rows and rows of two-story tenements, along the Thirtys, from Tenth Avenue to the River. Hell's Kitchen was being spawned!

It originated in squalor and naturally grew up the same way. As the spot was near the river it was making that other buildings would also pass—such useful places as butcheries, warehouses, breweries, stock-yards—and saloons (on every corner), pool rooms and pawn shops. The swelling mass of tenements—with criminals who had learnt their professions in the Bowery—flowed like an almost poisonous stream into the tenements.

The Tammany politicians suddenly got a whiff of this district—it had not yet been christened—and a whiff was

easy to get. This amazing number of the unlawful could be used. So the politicians rented whole squares or tenements. They were leased into "suits" for the boys and girls—the very adult boys and girls, who were expected to do a little strong-arm work at election or other times. Tammany Hall also dropped a hint to the police that the district was to be left alone. The boys began to find as fast; the maidens began to find.

In the midst of all this turmoil there was one link with the old days. The lodge (or caretaker's cottage) of the original Aspinwall estate had been left standing on its own lot of ground. It was a little present from the Aspinwalls to their gardener, who lived on there, getting old, but used to have a nice nut-egg cooked away somewhere inside. The cottage was bettered, but stood with upturned nose on a rock at 322 West Thirty-ninth Street. Each side of it were sticking tenements.

One night, in the spring of 1855 the gardener was just retiring to bed. Although it was close on midnight there was plenty of noise outside—fighting, singing, drunken men and women. The gardener walked a round his four small rooms, closing and locking the windows. He was just about to put the bar across the back door when several men burst in, led by Billy Martin. The gardener knew Billy, a guest, looking home who had formed the Gopher Gang a week which was to last one several leaders before it expired. With them was Miss Livingstone, a charming lady with a delightful hobby of tilting at theobis. She happened to be Billy's "housekeeper" at the time.

Whether the gardener was asked for his money or whether such courtesy was solicited is not known. The next day an old friend of the tenant found the house in utter disorder,

he did not find the gardener or the gardener's son-in-law. Bully Martin made good use of the next-egg, while it is suspected that the gardener's body was weighted with some of his own goods and dropped in the river.

The police were so baffled that Bully Martin, Mrs. Lovingsome and the man decided they had as open as. Very shortly afterwards, Bully Martin, his doozy, some cops-friends and alley-dames moved into the murderer's lodge and set up house!

The day was coming quickly when the salubrious district was christened.

That same year of 1888, a Hibernian salubrious pulled up his boot at the jolly of Thirty-ninth Street and decided to take a stroll while the tale was changing.

He strolled past the late gardener's cottage. Mrs. Lovingsome was peering on the doorway on the look-out for patrons or passers to pluck. She decided the salubrious—Jack Watson—looked like a patsun who might have a dollar. She called to the boy in the back room.

—They had a lot of 'them' with Jack—after emptying his pockets—such games as punch-the-bag, football and scotch. Then Mrs. Lovingsome had a bright idea. While Jack was mousing in a side alley, she ran inside, got a few large bottles of alcoholic spirits, emptied them over the salubrious—and added a lighted match!

Jack Watson must have been some sort of a Superwoman. As the gang developed to let him burn, he got to his feet—some touch—and ran to the Twenty-fifth Street police station. As he ran he managed to beat out the flames, and when he reached the station he was all out—no more wren than one. He collapsed on the floor.

As soon as he was conscious, he was asked where he was attacked. "Down there near the water," he

screamed. "In Thirty-ninth Street—the old gardener's cottage—Bully Martin's!"

So come the christening! Yet the scene was then applied only to the one house—that ghostly house of murder and unspeakable vice. Later it was to spread over the whole district, and the "chests" and "cocks" of the Kithern delighted in it. Especially Bully Martin.

There was nothing of the Hibernian about Bully. He was brice and had great strength.

He spent most of his time picking fights. In his drunken rages he would stagger about the streets swinging a great stick with which he would lash down anyone who didn't move fast enough.

He made a lot of enemies, which is nothing to be overminded about. One night Bully Martin got a full cante of liquor aboard and carved his way through the district. At last, worn out by his exertions and feeling the weight of his drinks, he leaned into a gutter and passed into a coma. One of his enemies saw him. Biceps and waist armed in Bully's Kitchen—from a heavy glass down to the horrible lead pipe. This enemy had a lead pipe. He used it. It was Bully Martin's turn to be cleared out of the street.

It was in the original Bully's Kitchen the copyright, too, that Ding Ding Ding spent his Crime College. Ding Ding was a little, shabby and pocket-sized runt who passed a ton of wit to every square inch. He became a self-appointed instructor of the children of the neighborhood, giving them expert teaching in such useful subjects as lung-sneezing, dog-biting and slinking through small windows of shape to unlock the doors for their chins.

He was a professor, was Ding Ding Bell. He might have given Dickens

the idea for Fagin. One furniture person he gave to his students might be called Finch and Toss. He got the kids to sneak around the tenements and duck into temporarily unoccupied rooms. If they found anything of the slightest value they would perch it and leave it on the window in Bell waiting below.

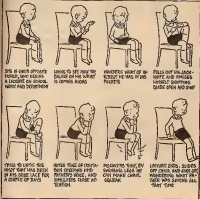
Bell was careful to send a letter of the police into all his pupils, so that the kids got great fun by dropping bricks from roof tops on passing gentlemen, with an occasional charm-

ing put for good measure. Children of the district were trained in cruelty and wickedness—even to each other. Death was not a very remarkable thing in their lives. These kids became teacher and teacher as they grew. There was the case of little Margaret Hunt, a comparatively nice little girl, who told her teacher one day: "I wouldn't come to school yesterday, Miss, because I had to go to court. My old man killed me yesterday night before!"

Bully's Kitchen was like that.

## LECTURE

By OLUFAS WILLIAMS



The lure of artificial gold has expressed itself through the years and the search is still unending.



FRANK S. GREENOP

# gold

## from a lump of lead

IN the year 1384, Dr. Price, of Guildford House, London, took pen and ink and said:

A year earlier he had published a paper in which he had described how, by mixing red and white powders, he had made gold.

He had brought specimens of this gold before the king . . . and it had been fine gold. But the conservative Royal Society (of which Dr. Price was a member) ordered him to repeat his process before its officials. Dr.

Price's mistake was the answer.

Yet Dr. Price was not the first or the last to make the strange claim that he had found a way of manufacturing gold. Far beyond written records, back into the dawn of time, reach stories of men who could make gold . . . the alchemists. And the same hope stretches ahead of us in the minds of physicists of the modern school.

In the fourth century after Christ, Constantinople—then a world capital

—flourished in a "philosopher's stone" which could transmute common metals into gold.

In the year 280 A.D., the Roman emperor Diocletian ordered the destruction of "all ancient books which treated of the alchemical art of making gold and silver."

Four hundred years later, the Arab Abu Musa'ib Djarid of Bass (also known as Jabir) recorded his experiments with the "philosopher's stone" in many volumes. If he did not discover the stone (who dares?), at least he was able to produce curative antidotes, red solids of mercury, nitric acid and nitrate of silver.

Also in search of the "stone," another Arab—Rasam—learned how to stuff alabaster. The search for the stone led the English philosopher, Roger Bacon, to invent spectacles as well as producing a formula for gunpowder and a magic lantern. The list is almost endless.

A few of the more famous of the experimenters will suffice. Albert Magnus was one of the strongest. He was a doctor who had to be cautioned through the simplest talk, even when he was 33 years old, he showed not the slightest alchemical promise. Then suddenly—as the legend says—the Virgin Mary appeared to him and offered him mental brilliance, either for divinity or philosophy. Albert chose philosophy . . . and spent the rest of his life seeking the philosopher's stone. He culminated as a pupil Thomas Aquinas. Together, it is said, they built a bronze statue and "by magic brought it to life." It was sitting as their household servant; but it proved to be of an exceedingly garrulous turn. As a matter of fact, it talked so much that, in the end, Aquinas smashed it with a hammer.

At this, Magnus appears to have weakened. In 1288 he became Bishop of Bathurst . . . but the lure of the stone proved too strong. Four years later, he resigned his position and returned to his experiments.

But his search seems to have been in vain. At all events, whatever he had learned of the "stone" died with him.

Then there was Nicolas Flamel, a citizen of 14th century France. Flamel discovered a moldering, old tome which . . . though it was written in Latin . . . he believed to be the original work of the Hibernian physician Abram. This book Flamel studied for 11 long years, but still he found no formula for the making of gold.

Refusing to be beaten, he travelled Europe to find someone who might instruct him. Whether he succeeded in his quest or not is not on the record, but he returned to absorb himself so deeply in his books that for three years he neither washed nor cleaned his beard. He had his beard shaved when . . . on January 12, 1382 . . . he transcribed mercury into silver. On April 25 of the same year, he claimed to have produced gold. But it was too late. He was now an old and feeble man aged 50. Before he could declare his secret—promising that he had a secret—he too was dead.

Another rather exotic alchemist was Bernard of Thierce. He was already an immensely wealthy man; but his quest for gold was apparently insatiable.

He spent his whole life and his entire fortune in futile study, travel and experiment to discover the "stone."

At last, an old man, penniless and unworried, he admitted defeat for seventy-two months. Then, like an addict mad for his drug, he returned to his quest. Even when he was over 80 years old, he was shut in his laboratory, working day and night.

He was 32 when he did find gold . . . but it was the gold of western red of metal.

"The great secret of philosophy is contained with man's lot," was the message he left to the world.

But, if the alchemists were unshakable in their belief in the existence of the philosopher's stone, fear of the alchemists' experiments resulted in one of history's earliest attempts to check activities of the alchemist. In 1404, England passed an Act of Parliament, declaring that the making of gold and silver from other metals would be regarded as a felony and treated as such.

In 1405, however, the Treasury seemed to recover from its panic. In that year, Henry V issued patents to selected "scientists" so that they might try to find the philosopher's stone "for the great benefit of the wealth of the realm."

About a year later, the King was disappointed to learn that no success had been reported. He therefore appointed a council of "ten learned men" to investigate what was going on. Apparently, nothing was . . . at least, there is no historical evidence that the council ever issued any findings on the matter.

A second English King, Edward II, had better luck. Edward invited the famed French alchemist, Raymond Lully, to come to England and make gold. Lully duly arrived and was quartered in the Tower of London.

In the Tower he is reported to have handed King Edward six million pounds in gold for a war against the Turks. Cynical modern historians are inclined to suggest that Lully saved the cash, not by the philosopher's stone, but by buying a poll tax on wool.

Which, in its way and in the England of his day, was almost as successful as gold from lead.

Many of the alchemists, too, seem to have been extremely wealthy men.

One was an Englishman, George Ripley by name, who claimed to be making the Stone. Wherever he collected the money, it seems certain that every year he presented one hundred thousand pounds in gold to the kings of Sicily and Rhodes for them was against the Saracens. Even Old Nicholas Flamel—before he died penniless—made alchemy with considerable business success. There is no doubt that, during a trip through Spain, he collected debts owed by Spanish Jews to residents in Paris . . . on a credit per cent interest basis "because of the dangers of the road."

And as it has gone on. Though the alchemists of the past have disappeared, men still follow the quest.

As late as 1905, such other publishers as the Funk and Wagnall Company of New York, in a book edited by Henry Smith Williams, declared: "The newest discoveries in physics make it clear that the creation of gold by transmutation is theoretically possible, even probable. Moreover, they reveal the processes by which allied elements (notably mercury, thallium and lead) might some day be transformed into gold."

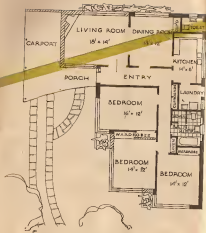
Perhaps some amateur radio-telegrapher, experimenting with high-frequency currents, may some day accidentally discover a constant which will change base metals into gold, just as Pasteur discovered the secret of outline dyes when a student, while trying to make synthetic quinine."

Why not? We have already split the atom . . . we may be near the hydrogen bomb and its limitless potentialities. Some day someone may hit on the formula for which the alchemists sought so long . . . and all the gold in Fort Knox will be going at bargain prices.



"Down, boy! Down!"





THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 72)

PREPARED BY W. WYSON SPARK, A.R.A.I.A.



## planning for additions

With the homes they would like best costing so much more than they can afford, most intending home-builders in this cycle of high costs are faced with what appears to be an unmountable difficulty. CAVALLCADE, however, suggests that you plan first and build additions later.

Adding to a house is generally an expensive undertaking, attended by a great deal of inconvenience while walls are being knocked down and rooms remodelled. This expense, however, can be reduced to nominal and the inconvenience reduced to practically nil if the house is planned with the express intention of adding rooms later.

The accompanying sketch is of a three-bedroom house that could be built in two or three stages without

disturbance to the nucleus house which was first built. This nucleus house consists of two bedrooms and a living-dining room, with kitchen, bathroom and laundry (all shown in solid black).

The third bedroom fits snugly in the angle left by the other two and the living room and garage can be added quite simply.

This is a plan which lends itself to both modern and conventional treatment and would make a very livable home. There is a built-in wardrobe, linen and coat cupboards in the hall, a built-in sideboard in the dining room, and a modern cupboard and equipment set up in the kitchen.

The overall area of the complete house, including garage, is 2670 sq. feet. Minimum width of lot is 50 feet.

# the drunken lion of the Punjab



His glittering jewels were like the stars in the sky; but the Koh-i-noor was the brightest of all his wealth

JACK FEARSON

HE was Ranjit Singh, the Sikh Lion of the Punjab, and the three great joys of his life were wealth, women and wine.

His only complaint was "that he could not drink like a fish while remaining sober enough to continue drinking like a fish indefinitely" and "that he could not eat like an elephant without vomiting." His dinner-gods were "like the stars in the sky." In his turban gleamed the fabulous Koh-i-noor and his treasures were so checked with jewels that he was forced to bury portions of his fortune in the ground.

+ + +

At the early age of 17, he set him-

self up as a ruler of the Punjab by murdering his mother and confounding his possessions. But he did not allow anyone to run to his head; he made up his mind to march slowly.

On the plains of India, the power of the British East India Company was growing steadily. He soon realized that he must either fight or make friends with his whole neighbour.

Ranjit Singh took steps. Engaged as a peasant, he visited the British camps.

One day General Clive, who had been sent to the Punjab by the British, was in the camp. He was a man of war, and he was a man of peace. He was a man of war, and he was a man of peace. He was a man of war, and he was a man of peace.

The British were in the Punjab. They were in the Punjab. They were in the Punjab. They were in the Punjab. They were in the Punjab. They were in the Punjab. They were in the Punjab. They were in the Punjab. They were in the Punjab. They were in the Punjab.

He wanted no time in opening negotiations for another of his treaties of "perpetual friendship." The Shah was ordered to destroy Ranjit Singh refused to be felled off. He had the Shah moved into a jangly and stared him until he had just strength left to oblige. The two parties met to and the treaty. By some unfortunate stroke of fate along, the Shah ordered his head-dress with the Koh-i-noor.

Ranjit Singh was delighted to see the Shah; he was even more delighted to see the Koh-i-noor.

He wanted no time in opening negotiations for another of his treaties of "perpetual friendship." The Shah was ordered to destroy Ranjit Singh refused to be felled off. He had the Shah moved into a jangly and stared him until he had just strength left to oblige. The two parties met to and the treaty. By some unfortunate stroke of fate along, the Shah ordered his head-dress with the Koh-i-noor.

Ranjit Singh asked with penetration courtesy. As soon as the treaty was signed, he suggested that — "as a pledge of eternal unity" — he and Shah Singh should exchange turbans. Out of politeness, the Shah could only consent. Radiating satisfaction, Ranjit Singh once more noticed as the pillows . . . with the Koh-i-noor now adorning his brow.

The Shah bowed himself from Ranjit's presence . . . and bravely escaped through the screens of Lahore to pass out his tale of war to the British commanders.

The sympathetic Company did its best to pacify Raja with a yearly pension.

Not that this seemed to worry Ranjit Singh. He was proceeding happily from strength to strength. Before he was forty, lovely Multan and the key frontier town of Peshawar were in his grasp. He had won for himself the title of "Lion of the Punjab" . . . and his title (the "Khalistan") as they called themselves were the strongest nation of Hindus in India.

But the Lion apparently became bored of reigning.

He turned his undoubted expanding powers to arranging feasts. These were noted for their horde of alcohol, their mountainous piles of viands, and their crowds of acrobats—and invariably ended provisionally drunken scenes in which the best, his guests and the watch-girls all joined.

It says something of the Lion's stature that he survived years of these wild bachelors with the loss of only one eye and the addition of an unsightly pox which graced his cheeks.

His mental powers, however, were unshaken. Though he could neither read nor write, his memory was phenomenal. He could even recall without mistake the name, the posi-

In Edinburgh, the Lord Justice has ruled that because Kathleen Love gave her engagement ring to her (former) fiancé, she didn't intend to break off her engagement.

To say that the return of a ring by a woman, at all times, was an irrevocable step would deprive the fiancé and of one of its most cherished privileges and the steps of one of its most cherished institutions."

and the history of the 1840-odd villages in his kingdom. Moreover, his curiosity was insatiable. Whenever a European allowed to visit his court, the Lion's conversation was apt to drift through such subjects as God, Napoleon Bonaparte, hell, artillery, powder, horses, hats, games, economy and the Ten Commandments (all of which he thought ridiculous, especially the Tenth).

He also ruled his dominions with an iron hand.

His system was not complicated. The ruler went third, the poor had an acre or a bit for every ten heads tapped off.

His good grew with his age. He eventually ruled the Mabarid and his own Kikha. He considerably underpaid his Army.

It was during that period that he was forced to dig holes in the ground for the corpses of his treasure. The Koko-ner, however, continued to adorn his forehead.

Still, all good things must come to an end. He began to suffer a serious

stroke (which he referred to as "a weak digestion"). It disabled him from enjoying to the fullest the little known Koko-ner girls who terrorized his court.

Then, about his fiftieth birthday, the blow fell. Under the advice of his doctors, Ruzaiti Singh "went off the grid." He was promptly struck by a paralytic stroke. One night, his head went white, his body grew so emaciated, he could not stand without support. Denying all doctors as quacks, Ruzaiti Singh called for more dancing girls and consumed his potatoes.

The last few moments also ended his spirit. He could no longer reason his house needed; but he staggered valiantly to being lifted into the saddle.

He consumed the difficulty by stepping onto the back of a kneeling slave who then rose slowly and stepped his burden outside the walled area. . . "where"—remarks one chronicler—"Ruzaiti Singh sat like a Curlew."

He was fleeing from debtors to debtors when the British took it into their heads to create Shah Sips to his African Thanes. By some peculiar whim, they planned to use a Sikh Army to snuff them. Shah Sips—warily determined that even the Koko-ner was worth a thousand—was appeased. All that remained was to persuade Ruzaiti Singh.

A British political officer, Macgillivray, was assigned the task. During the British convey with heavy company, the Lion began to discuss the weather, war, women, wine, Ruzaiti, sheep and dancing girls. As soon as he could get a word in edgewise, Macgillivray inquired if the Lion would care to invade Afghanistan. "That indeed would be adding sugar to the milk!" answered Ruzaiti Singh, after with excretion.

Ruzaiti Singh—assuaged by a couple of mugs of stout and unpaid salary, a large train of artillery, numerous elephants and even more numerous supplies of quantities of opium and dancing girls—reached the British camp and Lord Auckland, British Governor-General.

Lord Auckland gave a banquet in honor of the Lion. The Lion appeared highly of the Scotch and Irish history. In his toast, he gave a banquet to out-banquet all banquets in honor of Lord Auckland.

The festival concluded with a protracted course of the particular heady kind of jungle-ginns described by Ruzaiti—a brew distilled from roots and sugar and powdered peach. The Lion passed up after tips on the willing Lord, but British phlegm finally won. The festivities closed with Lord Auckland formally bowed over the prostrate form of the dead-drunk Lion.

The Allied army advanced steadily as it was armed, they did succeed in reaching Kikha. But the entire life of the hills had proved too much for the Lion. He himself was laid low with fever and droopy.

While he still retained a little strength, he hurled his doctors from his presence and succeeded in getting every word that he could call to mind. He was promptly killed by a second stroke. For more than a month, he lay speechless until at the age of 80—he died. . . with the Koko-ner still slumped to his nose.

On the last day of his life, he activated 100 million pounds sterling among his followers and bade them carry the Koko-ner to adorn the huge and nearby idol of Jagannath, God-dest of Death.

He was cremated together with five of his wives and seven slaves—girls who had been selected for the special privilege.

And the Koko-ner? It did not reach Jagannath, but it did somehow survive and to this day.

With the Sikh Empire, the Koko-ner crashed to earth on the empty-strewn field of Gopur and was handed to John Lawrence, a British officer. Lawrence slipped the gem into his pocket.

Dressing for dinner that night, he threw his wrist into the back of a chair with no thought of the jewel hidden there.

Six weeks later, news came that Queen Victoria wished to have the gem.

"Where is it?" John Lawrence asked the Company's district Board of Directors.

"Well, you had it last!" pointed out his brother, Henry.

"Of course, of course! So I did!" replied John, not heeding an appeal. "Call my servant!"

"Yes remember a small box in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?" he asked the servant.

"Yes, sir," the servant answered. "I put it in one of your coats."

Presumably a cold event must have befuddled John Lawrence's brow; but he showed no other outward sign of his anxiety. The Board of Directors eyed him with unconcealed lack of enthusiasm as he discussed the situation with no more eagerness than as if he were sending him to bring a glass of water.

"Bring up the cane," John Lawrence ordered. A butler, old the trunk was produced. "Open it," Lawrence bade. The servant did so. "There is not a thing here but a bit of glass, sir," he announced disappointedly.

That "bit of glass" was the Koko-ner. . . and that is why the richest treasure of the drunken old Lion of the Punjab is now one of the brightest jewels in the British Crown.



INTRODUCING HERSELF, BLAKE HERRICK, WOULD YOU MIND TALKING TO ME? HE'D HEARD THE GIRL WITH WHOM BLAKE DANCED A FEW DAYS AGO WAS HERE...



BLAKE HERRICK WAS HERE, NAME... SHE THOUGHT HE WAS THE MUSEUM GALLERIES MAN WHO LIVED A VERY QUIET LIFE...



"SHE HAD NO RELATIVES OR FAMILY? HE ASKED BECAUSE HE'D HEARD OF FRIENDS A FEW YEARS AGO TALKING IN ANSWER TO SOME QUESTION SHE SAID YOU, BLAKE HAD A BROTHER?"



THAT'S THE ANSWER -- WHEN A WOMAN DISCOVERS YOU REVERSED THE OLD IDEA AND FIND THE MAN... SHE SHELL COME BACK.



CHIEFED BY SUE'S OPTIMISM, BLAKE SET OUT HOME -- TO FIND THE PLACE HANDED AND ALL BLAKE HERRICK'S THINGS WERE...



ANYWAY, BLAKE CAN CONGRATULATE HIMSELF ON NOT HAVING TO TAKE A SMALL CASE HE DOESN'T WANT TO HANDLE...

IF ONLY THAT BEER WERE BOTTLED UP IN A WORTHWHILE CASE...



THERE'S THE INTERESTING GIRL... I WONDER WHY SHE'S HANGING AROUND?



OH, HE CAN -- I CAME RIGHT BACK -- ALL THESE THINGS HAVE BEEN SAID!



SHE TELLS HIM WHAT SHE SAID AT HOME, SHE IS CONVINCED THAT BLAKE DOESN'T EAT THE THING HERSELF...



BEFORE... THE PLACE HAS BEEN SEARCHED AS WELL, BLAKE WOULDN'T HAVE TO SEARCH THE PLACE...



INFORMED BY THE FACT THAT THE PLACE HAS BEEN SEARCHED, BLAKE ASKED TO THE BUREAU BLAKE HERRICK'S BOYFRIEND, HE SAYS DESIRE HOME...



BUD CALLAN IS RELIEVED TO SEE CAN...

PRIMARILY, BLAKE HADN'T BEEN IN TOUCH WITH ME FOR FOUR DAYS, AND I WAS GETTING WORSE...



CAM DECIDES ON REVENUE  
METHODS BUT STAYS  
CLOSE TO HIS OLD  
DO NOT SHOW ANY  
SINISTER INFLUENCE



CALVIN IS CONVINCED  
HE HAS TO TAKE A RISK.  
HE DECIDES TO RECOVER FOR  
ABSOLUTE TO DO THIS...



A SURPRISED MAN WAIT-  
ING FOR HIS RECIPE -  
A GUEST WHO  
THINKS CAM THINKS  
HE CAN GET IT TO  
TROUBLE. BUT...



CAM DECIDES HE MUST  
NOT OVERDO IT.  
HE DECIDES TO  
RECOVER IN HIS  
OWN WAY.



DISNEY TELLS HER SHE  
IS AN ARTIST WHO WOULD  
BE A SUCCESS BUT DON'T  
THINK HIM INTELLIGENT  
ENOUGH TO BE INTERESTING.



EVERYONE WANTED TO BE AN  
ARTIST BUT THE  
GALLERY THAT WAS THE  
BEST TO WORK IN WAS  
NOT A GALLERY.



WANTED TO SHOW OFF  
WITH THE BEST OF  
APPEARANCE CAM WANTS  
THE FINEST GALLERY



WALKING AROUND THE  
PICTURE HALLS WANTS TO  
SEE THE THINGS AND TO  
SEE CLIVE MURKIN'S  
BACKGROUND



DISNEY TALKING WHO ELSE  
HE CAN GET - STARTS  
TALKING CAM...



DISNEY CONVERSATION  
TALKING CAM A LOT CAM  
DISAPPOINTS OF HIS STAFF.  
ONLY THE MUSIC AND  
ATTENDANT HAS WALKED  
OUT WITHOUT EVEN  
TELLING HER...



CAM TO MAKE THINGS  
WORTH THE MOST VALUABLE  
A SINGLE BRUSH -  
WORTH THOUSANDS



DO YOU REMEMBER THE  
PICTURE WITH THE  
MURKIN'S BACKGROUND?





IN LATE, CARL CAN GET  
CARRIAGE AND AND ONE  
HE KNOWS HOW TO GET TO  
REMEMBER



CARL AND DEBBIE THEN  
WENT TO THE GALLERY  
AT THE HOTEL



AND THERE IN A FLASH,  
THEY FROD VILLAGES  
AND HOPPED, BOUNDED  
AND GAZED



I SAW CARL AND DEBBIE  
OVER THE MOUNTAIN  
HE WANTED TO KNOW  
IT WAS STOLEN AND  
COLLECT THE INSURANCE  
THEN HE FOUND OUT IT WAS



CURVED SCHEME, LATER  
HE FOUND OUT THE  
STOLEN MASTER KEY



I KNEW THAT HAPPENED  
NOW ELSE WOULD WE  
UP A BUILT IN THE  
EXHIBITION



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**CLEANS - yes**

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**RESISTS OXIDATION - yes**

gives you greater protection against corrosion and wear of all engine parts

**LUBRICATES - yes**

because of a clean, so engine never subjected to carbon, sludge, oiliness and resistance to change in body as temperatures alter

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MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC. (INC. IN NEW YORK)



W

hite goddess of

the

F

M. ANDREWS • FICTION

The white woman had seen the white girl  
and yet there seemed no way to save her.



As the tribesman swung up his  
maile, Walton twisted himself down  
with the knife firm in his clasp.

FOR four days the "Conest" London to Melbourne, fled in the storm, like a barren doe with the bay of hounds in her ears. The fourth black night paralleled the bay with Ross Street. Like a submarine sheet of white-hot steel, lightning riddled overhead, it emblazoned a giant massive mountain above the horizon.

"Hard a'backhand!" the captain ordered sharp.

With voice and a wrench at the wheel, the helmsman answered. The

long shrouded from the violent buffet of a heavy sea, and the man-of-war snarled, the lookout, a nerve had, catapulted into the dark, southward water.

"Men overboard!" a dozen hoarse voices cracked the silence.

"Hold your course," the captain ordered gruffly. In an instant he had to the helm. "There is treacherous water, men! That's Walton's Pro-machinery in port. We've got port. Port Philip Beach at this blasted corner.

Which were about the last words he ever spoke.

At dawn Tom Walton dropped limply wearily from the mast. He staggered across a shivering beach and dropped exhausted at the foot of a gnarled tree at the southern end of the mountain.

Some hours later, Bookbinder, chief of the Yarrana, raised a head, and the tribe advanced cautiously to his side. They gathered around the propped tree in a wide circle to stare at the figure on the ground.

"Kill!" and Myosotis fiercely. He was a tall, young buck, feet of feet and a grizzled warrior. The old men had warned him chief-ghost following the death of Bookbinder's son, Bessie. He drew back his arm to cast a spear.

"Stop!" Bookbinder stopped the order tently. He knew of Myosotis's intentions, plots, and treachery, he would follow no lead given by the young buck. He stared at the sleeping youth speculatively. "It is the

A young woman, training to be a teacher, was giving a demonstration lesson. The subject was Scripture—the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. "But, man," interrupted one of the class plainly. "What's a virgin?" The teacher went red with embarrassment. "Oh, don't bother about them," she replied. "There are no few of them nowadays."

spirit of Bismarck came to his people."

Nyoki sneaked slowly, he wanted no misinterpreted Bismarck with the tribe. "It is a trick of the Bismarcks to steal the secret of our salt," he challenged.

The chief frowned at the shamed threat. His treaty with Nyoki, chief of the hillmen, forbidding salt and fish for walking meat and skins, was unpopular with Yarmou warriors. While the chief pondered the problem, Walker stared patiently. He stretched stiffly and opened his eyes. Fear glowed in his stomach when he saw the formidable ring of black men.

Brown eyes were wondering, yet accompanying with healthy Black bodies were poised, and speech quivered in young backs' hands. Beyond the outer circle, the old man stood, balded, seventy in these defenseless ones. Precaution and labor—swayed just curious—peered through the gaps between the men.

With three hundred aborigines

surrounding him, Tom Walker was cautiously in his feet. Though tough and wary for his sixteen years, he was no match for some of the young blacks, but his hand crept to his clasp-knife. He would kill his enemy.

Nyoki broke the tension. Walker's movements had created. "How can the spirit of the black men be white as the words of the dancer?" he asked sarcastically.

"The dead bones of the brown walking are white as a black's teeth," Bismarck retorted meaningfully. "The way men will say it is the spirit of Bismarck."

Several old men edged forward cautiously. They glanced from Nyoki to Bismarck doubtfully. They hated the peace with the despised hillmen, and they had named Nyoki traitor because he would save them war. They feared for the family on human flesh that followed battle, but they feared Bismarck's anger.

"It is Bismarck comes from the land of the spirits," they pronounced solemnly.

Nyoki snarled angrily but the wise man had spoken, and he must back his tone. Suddenly he joined in the atmosphere of welcome to the bewildered white youth.

Hopes of escape were strong in Walker, but he mistrusted the Opposed Lake for Fort Philip Bay and, seeing no signs of settlement or ship-ping around the lake, he stood in the severity of the tribe rather than face the unknown. As he learned the language and customs, he realized that, as a "jumped-up black-belt," he was treated with respect, even with awe. He fitted himself into the role of Bismarck, watching always for a chance to escape by sea.



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Then there came a morning—after a year of captivity—when sighted a scheme being to outside the entrance to the mine. He slipped into the scrub forest on reaching the corner at the lake, but Bonifera had also seen the schemer and he snatched the rifle immediately. Meantime Walton, he called the old men and chief warriors apart.

"Because want to brought back to the tribe understood," he warned. "To tell his white body would let his spirit return to the land of the dead. The dead would be angry with the Yarrana, they would come in white bodies and take the hunting grounds of our tribe."

The old men nodded wisely, so it happened to the Karambana and before them to the Bonowana. But Nyooki snarled, then a cunning light glinted in his eyes. A party of warriors were picking up the tracks of Bonow, Nyooki watched them for a few minutes then, drawing the line of sight, set off at a smart lope, none would see what happened when

Nyooki overtook Bonow, close following the young warrior's purpose, Bonifera dispatched a party of young boys direct to the canyon.

Bonow reached the canyon about three hundred yards ahead of Nyooki. The black shouted loudly, but the white man pushed a light canoe into the water and, dashing ahead, paddled furiously. Nyooki groined maliciously, Bonow's canoe was far outstripping shellfish, being broad and awkward to paddle. He set about dragging a long heavy canoe into the water, but before he could launch it, half a dozen young warriors rushed down to the beach.

Nyooki snarled, he could imagine now, but he could not tell without suffering the death penalty himself. Suddenly he took a seat on the stern and urged the paddlers to the shore. Before he had travelled a mile, Walton knew that he had had toiled.

He allowed himself to be taken ashore, he must content himself as Bonow, the jumped-up blackfellow, said he could build, in secret, a boat, easily managed canoe in which to escape when opportunity offered.

Five days of toiled woodwork passed before Walton's canoe reached completion. In that time Bonow, he grew as strong and stature. He was skilled as the best and a proved warrior in battle or single combat. The war was watched him steadily, but they would not yield to Bonifera's urgings to make Bonow chief, chief in place of Nyooki. The compact with the Badjura had remained and Bonow would be but the voice of Bonow. Secretly they plotted for Nyooki who would give them battle.

From the fringe of settlement at Karambana, Major Preston's wagons drove eastward. He had been

granted land between Stony Creek and the Giggalland Lakes. His servants set a tearing track through heavily timbered hills into the deep gully of Stony Creek.

Elizabeth, the Major's eighteen-year-old daughter, riding well ahead of the main party with a groom on a shaggy pony in attendance, pruned on, eager to see the prospect from the hill ahead of her. She did not see the snakes following up from the ridge behind.

Fire swept down the mountains like a voracious band of gray. In a matter of minutes the whole valley was orange-colored. Bonow squatted their madmen cack, following their heavy, unstoppered, and peace-madmen men, clamping to the backs of their mounts, round back on their backs in hapless bids for safety.

With the first onset of fire, the girl's mare jumped to the gully with the lot between its teeth. The groom followed as best he could, but horse and rider disappeared into a rolling cloud of black smoke, studded with crimson tongues of flame. With death sweeping on him, the young turned and fled down the gully. He reached the water as they burst into flame. He plunged into the creek as Major Preston dropped with his wife into the same deadly safety of water.

Preston, his wife, and the groom came from the water after the fire had swept through the gully. It seemed to them that there was the only life left in the black desolation. The wagons were piles of smoldering ash and twisted iron. Grass, some, charred grasses were scattered at intervals along the gully. Of Elizabeth they found no trace.

The groom found the mangled body .. the mare five miles beyond the ridge. It had crashed in blind flight

and broken its neck. It had back-tracked it through the burned bush. The two men and the woman began a weary trudge back along the miles to Karambana.

Elizabeth became conscious in pitch darkness, her head propped through the immediate past. She remembered the headlong blind gallop through dense smoke and the burning flame. She recalled the choking gases for breath and the relief of sleep, fresh as Bonow and boys leaped at her once more. Again she felt the thud of a low branch against her chest, a hot blast had come from the saddle and she had tumbled heavily to the ground and darkness.

A faint glimmer from a star showed her above the girl's head and nearby a gurgling of water indicated a small stream. She staggered to it, groping feeling. She drank deeply—before a wave of weakness overwhelmed her—and she dropped to the ground.

Yards, of the Badjura, stirred through the undergrowth at the fringe of the girl on the ground. The tribe placed warily as he passed a spear for testing. He hesitated, lowering his arm and seeing the pale apprehensively until his eyes fastened on a black raty porcupine's blood red against the white of her blouse. A steady low creaked the black smoke's face. He beckoned to his warriors in murmured the girl.

Elizabeth awoke with the sun on her face. She opened her eyes, shrank at the sight of the black men standing a few feet from her. Her face pined a cracked, evil, burning rim, and her hand clutched a barbed spear. Instinctively her hand tapped at her throat. It brushed the pendant and the sun shot across white of red fire from the flanks of the robe.

Cries of alarm drew the girl's startled eyes to the ring of natives around her. All were cowering in terror, except the big chief. Unconsciously, she fingered the ruby and the natives leaped back a pace, perceiving their error as it is read off an alarm. The girl realized instinctively that the ruby was a talisman they feared, but the chief was not afraid, he was smiling calmly as he held up his hand, palm stretched, in sign of friendship.

Yindi made it plain to the girl that she would not be harmed but that she must come with the tribe. She obeyed—and then gradually their friends to her a magazine she could hardly put into words.

The tribe regarded her as a "White Goddies." The ruby is a red eye of death.

Yindi, crafty and cunning, spread the word of the fatal power of the ruby. He led the Badjans down lake to poke through the swamplands, warning the weaker tribes into joining tribute to the White Goddies. Bated with his success, he decided to test his powers against the lake and coast men, the Yarrans. He led the Badjans down from the hills and out towards the lake.

The two tribes met and gathered in separate groups half a mile apart. The chief and the wise men advanced to the center. Badjans met the hillmen and with gestures of friendship, but he found the Badjans arrogant and Yindi treacherous.

"The White Goddies of the Five Lakes with the Badjans," Yindi proclaimed threateningly. "She will look with her red eye of death upon the Yarrans, unless the lake-men give her much salt and fish and many native-birds and possums."

The wise men of the Yarrans were nervous, they had heard that the

red eye could wither the wither of a spring rain, it drew blood from the greatest warriors to give it colour. Badjans was no less uneasy; he was under no delusions as to what the White Goddies was, for the chief of the Karamaharas had told him that white men sought a white woman in the bush, they had heard rumors of Yindi's White Goddies. Badjans feared that if white men came into his domain they would stay, as they did at Karamaharas.

"The Yarrans will pay tribute to the White Goddies," he said slowly. He was anxious to get the Badjans and their descendants out of his domain.

"Yes," the wise men agreed with cautious hope. "The Yarrans will lay their gifts at the feet of the White Goddies."

Yindi scowled, he did not want to show his anger to the Yarrans, but he saw no way of avoiding the inevitable catastrophe. The parties withdrew to prepare for the ceremony, but the Yarrans wise men sought out Nyoko, they were tired of Badjans's perfidy and they longed for the fresh that followed battle.

Troubled in mind, Badjans sought Revenge. He came on the white man in a clump of scrub at the lake's edge. Yindi looked up guiltily when the chief snatched him putting his flaming torches to the canoe. His hand jerked on his twisted clasp-knife, but the chief paid no heed to him, he looked over the canoe with appreciative eyes.

"Better water to go back to the white man's tribe?" Badjans asked approvingly.

Yindi started, realizing for the first time that the chief had known his craft throughout. He reddened his head.

## THE MAN WHO *Never Dies*

Even Voltaire admitted that he was the man who knew everything!



IN the middle of the 18th Century, a strange character appeared at the French Court. He was ordinary to look on, well built and rumpily dressed, but he possessed a power over other people, despite the unimpressive manner regarding his origin. In fact, gossip gave him many origins. Some said that he was an Alsatian Jew of poor birth, others, again, declared he was a natural son of Charles II. of Spain. His name was the Count of St. Germain, and trustworthy witnesses claimed that they had known him back in 1714, when, so they said, he was a man between 30 and 35. Others, equally accurate, spoke of him as being that age in the middle of the 18th century! Even the great Voltaire paid him the tribute of declaring that he was the "man who never dies and who knows everything."

And maybe Voltaire was not so very wrong. The Count was a man of parts in those days when knowledge of the arts was a help and not a handicap. He was an accomplished portrait painter, though every subject was loaded with jewels . . . jewels being a failing of the Count's. He had a large board of his own, which he carried everywhere with him. He was an expert musician, and though his compositions are

mostly based to-day, his fame as a violinist still remains in Europe. But the Count was even blonder about his accomplishment, and one day he threw away his violin, saying, "I have nothing more to lose."

Glibbie people believed that the Count had discovered the elixir of perpetual life, and even at the beginning of this century a woman returned to a circle in Rome after having her appearance.

Naturally he never died again. For to-day we know that we cannot avoid old age, though we can lessen its hardships. One of the main factors in the rapid rise of the institution of Life Assurance. Thanks to the confidence of those millions of Australians and the wise investment of their savings by the Life Offices, life assurance guarantees and security to all its policyholders, and also provides material benefits for every Australian.

(Advt.)

Friday June. When a motorist, whose car had plunged into a swamp near El Paso (U.S.), refused to pay the bill for having it pulled out, the tourist service promptly pushed it back into the swamp. An even more famous motorist at Pacific Beach, California, lost a wheel from his trailer. Walton, on purpose, to save it roll slowly but determinedly into the hands of another man who immediately loaded it into his car and drove off at speed.

"Yes," he said demurely.

"White men live where the sun runs down," Bodgers told him. "A white man's big canoe floats on the sea beyond the entrance. I will let you see . . . but you must not go alone, you must take the White Goddess of the Bodgers with you. I will aid your escape."

The presence of a white woman with the Bodgers had been suggested to Walton by native rumors, but the fact that a ship was anchored outside the entrance was a surprise to him. He hesitated for a moment, thinking that he should get to the ship and bring a rescue party ashore. Bodgers read his thoughts.

"That would kill, if the white men come," he advised. "Do as I say. Escape, and when you reach the white men, tell them that Bodgers is a good man; then they will not come to take the beating paddles of the Yermans."

"It shall be as you say," Walton

swore. "Tell me your plans."

From the side of a low hill, Elsie, both Preston watched the weird assemblage of the peribolians unfold on a level clearing below her. A party of older girls squatted on the ground around her. They were heavily armed and warlike, though they were absorbed in the spectacle, she felt had no thought of escape; she knew that she was safe with the white and had no idea where to go if she did shake them.

Gravely bedecked figures propped and pressed in the waning light of a dusky floor. Though each motion had its significance, it was meaningless to the girl. She could distinguish Bodgers from Yermans, for the latter featured more red paint than the others who looked ghostly, white skeletons strutting on a stage.

Long after midnight, as the tribes weaved apart, a barbaric shout rang out, it was the battle-cry of the Yermans. After a second of stunned silence, the hollow answered with blood-chilling yells. A man of spears, hurled through the air. Then the tribes charged . . . to meet with demonic shouts and screams, spears thrusting, warlike blackguard, and axes hacking.

"White woman, where are you?"

Clear above the babel came the voice. Elizabeth stiffened in amazement for the words were English. "Here," she answered. "On the hill."

The men started at her drunkenly, but the white girl whirled on them, the ruby looking belated from at her hand. Shouting wildly, the black women, propped on the ground, flustered with anxiety, the girl's eyes sought for the white man who had called.

He came through the thick of the

fight, a powerfully built Yermans. The hammer-catch of a staffed wildly on human skulls and the sinister gleam of steel in his left hand marked his progress. He broke through the males and roared up the hill.

"That! Run for the bush," he shouted.

As the girl darted into the scrub, Bodgers's eye sharpened. That's a yell, but his barbaric scream of victory ended in a choking gurgle of death. Nyoko's spear, driven as Elsie behind, pierced the old chief's heart. Walton moved, but he hesitated for a moment to overlook the girl for their danger now was twofold without Bodgers to protect their flight.

The hill, steeply gamed of the bank closed in pallidness behind them, now and again a tree snatched . . . but mostly their naked feet pined with agonizing pressure of the sandy soil. Far away among the bush they could hear the sea sighing.

Down broke as the fugitives reached the hidden cove. Walton dragged it to the water and headed the girl to a thicket of mangroves. Not, before he could slip in to the stern, Nyoko rushed from the scrub, screaming diabolical threats of vengeance.

"Paddle for your life," Walton shouted, pushing the craft well clear of the shore.

He whirled as Nyoko flung his first spear. Walton ducked his head from its venomous whirr, but the barb hit his ear.

He flung to the ground, snatching a second throw; the black grasped maliciously and aimed low. The white man out-jumped, and the mangle passed under him. While he was operated on the ground, Nyoko charged, wildly belated.

Walton concentrated, but towards the black, not away from him. Taken by surprise, Nyoko tried to leap, swinging the waddy.

The white man's legs stiffened and his back took the black under the chin.

As the black man staggered back, Walton completed the somersault, bounded to his feet, and stood forward. He had lost his club, but he still had his ship-knife. Nyoko swung his club with a ramp of despair, it grazed the white man's head, but the steel flashed down to bury itself deep in the black man's heart.

"Into the cove! Quick!"

The girl's voice was shrill with alarm. A dozen natives broke from cover, brandishing spears, as Walton staggered to his feet. He stumbled groggily to the cove, and clambered in. The sail dipped deep with the paddle, and the first craft lifted towards open water with a hail of spears whirling vainly around it.

Walton leaped recklessly, they were just out of spear range as he faced the canoe in the churning water of the entrance. The first craft lifted and bounced like a cork in a cauldron of boiling water, but it started through the surf. Walton knew the black man's craft could not follow. He looked around for the ship.

"It's the Comet, my old ship," he exclaimed.

"The Comet?" Elizabeth's voice was dim and stricken with suppressed hope. "My father brought it to me when we settled here. I—I wonder . . ."

Her voice shrilled to a scream of excitement. Major Pearson and his wife stood on the poop deck of the brig, staring fixedly at the approaching canoe.

# SHARP GUY

DANIEL GORDON •  
FICTION



Ash Sammy Francis, he'll tell you that a china steak—or a knife—is only as tough as your knife is sharp.

**STANDING** behind the fountain, Sammy Francis could see the billiard room across the street. Through the clean, polished glass of his ice cream parlor, he watched Nate Tolson waddle through the swinging door.

Sammy Francis smiled at Jane, then wondered why he smiled. He wasn't happy—that was for sure. But he smiled anyway, from habit, maybe, and tried to thank of the pleasure (think the new cash register made, instead of worrying over the fact that Nate Tolson had given him a week to close the place.

He didn't know why he liked the location. Maybe the green and the quiet. Maybe because Jane came in every afternoon.

He stopped looking at the room and began to polish the already immaculate, marble counter.

"It's coming over," he said.

"But he gave you a week—" There was the sound of worry in Jane's voice. She had lived in the neighborhood all her life and she knew Nate Tolson's reputation.

"Makes no difference anyway."

Sammy Francis said with a shrug. "In the Army I saved and planned

for a long time so I could open a place like this. Now I'm shyer!"

Nate Tolson spoke from the doorway. He glanced his watch, scowled at the fountain. He said: "Kah-poo remembers that talk we had?"

"Yeah."

"Don't forget it," Nate Tolson said. "I figured you might—thought I'd stop over and remind you."

Sammy Francis was small and he looked frail. With his eyes squinted at Nate Tolson's, his hand went back to the wall. There had been mostly dark nights and sleep—and that was a crap, sunny afternoon. Still, there was something the same. Something that sent a swift trickle of excitement along his spine. People and you got the kick after a while—and God knows he'd done enough of it to get the kick if it were likely . . .

His eyes drifted to the knife, the knife lying there on the sidewalk board. He should have brought another knife, of course. But with money to spare, and him used to the feel of the knife in his hand, he'd kept it. And it made wonder his conclusion . . . Sammy Francis closed his eyes and said: "Get out, Tolson."

He heard Tolson chuckle, then the door slammed.

"Sweet!" Jane said cheerfully.

And hearing her, Sammy Francis knew that she spoke lightly to hide the fear in her heart. He said, "Week's up tomorrow."

"What then?"

"He'll be back, I guess." He'll be back and he may be a tough body; tough and used to having things his own way round here. The theorist and the knifely and the war moved in a confused circle as Sammy Francis' mind. But Jane was talking.

"Are you going to the press?" she asked.

"What? What press?"

"The football game, silly. Stanford High is playing Alton. You can take me, if you want to."

"I dunno," Sammy Francis said doubtfully. "The game is long. And how he was going to be long! Something about Nate Tolson needed doing. But either way he'd long . . .

Jane got up. "I'll keep the door open, anyway. Please you can close up just after the game starts leave in time for the rush after the game."

"Maybe," Sammy Francis agreed.

He watched her close, straight figure through the window. She was a pretty girl. He frowned the song as he went about the business of making a batch of orange syrup. You had to be careful to stir it. The sugar's hard if you let it settle in the bottom of the pan . . . A pretty girl—as like a melody—that means you—night and day—" Without meaning to, he stared in time to the music, closing up now and again to enjoy the new and pleasing treatment of his store. He saw the knife already, he stopped singing, got the knife and put it in a drawer. Damn Nate Tolson. Damn Nate Tolson anyhow!

The door opened and a man came in. Sammy turned down the gas so the syrup wouldn't burn.

"Afternoon," he said with a smile.

The man didn't smile. He said: "Now, I'm acting for the Board of Health. They've had a complaint at the office about your place."

So it was starting. And that was only the beginning. Well, then couldn't knock him out unless they were harder than this. The place was as clean as a whistle.

"Have a look around, Doc. I'll bet you find in the closest store in town."

The man grunted and went behind the fountain. He opened the freezer and poked experimentally behind the curls. Sammy Francis watched.

**A** NATIONAL Safety Council official in Chicago was to judge a poster competition. Subject of the posters was "How not to die on the ice." On the way home, the official slipped and broke his arm. Equally weird was the result of over-embroidered affection. Two friends, rushing to greet one another, collided head on. One broke his skull, the other broke his leg.

him, grinning a little. He could see that the man didn't like the job.

"Find anything?" Sammy Francis asked at length.

"Nothing," answered the inspector. "Everything is in order."

"Let's drop the hanky-panky, Doc. Did Nate Tolson send you?"

The man drew himself up haughtily. "The Board of Health sent me. Someone entered a complaint against your place, stating that unsanitary conditions were prevalent."

"And are they?"

"Er... As I said, I find that everything is in order."

"You going over to Tolson's pig pen now?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"There's been no complaint about his place."

"Okay. I'm accomplished—now."

"But all complaints must be officially made at the courthouse."

"You mean you don't know what kind of joint Tolson runs? You think a policeman's a place for him to hang out?"

"I'm sorry," the inspector said stiffly. "I'm really very busy. Good day."

The next day the men took the pigs back away. Sammy Francis watched intently as they loaded it in the van.

"But why?" he asked the driver. "Search me, son. Guess it isn't taken in crook."

It was the parent honey. The kids from the school poured poured into the machine in an endless stream. Who, the pigs had paid more than the soda fountain. High school kids would come in for a rickety ride and stay to devour lounge numbers. They'd stop lunch for a heavy ration of Barry Jeans.

"Look," Sammy Francis said demurely, "call the boss. Tell him we can come to some kind of terms on this thing."

The driver shook his head.

"I'll call," he said, "but it won't do no good."

He was back soon. "Don said bring the machine," he stated. "Sorry, kid. But I gotta keep this job."

Sammy Francis went outside to watch the truck drive away. Nate Tolson was standing in the doorway of the postroom, wiping his hands on his apron. Sammy Francis thought he saw him smile but he couldn't be sure.

With the music gone, there wasn't much to bring trade into his place. Ice cream could be brought in any drugstore. What the kids liked was music, and space to try out a few new steps. Sammy Francis took off his white coat and hung it in the back room. He put on another coat, hung a back-to-the-hour sign on the door and walked to the district police station.

Mike Webb, the policeman who had the best, said: "You're smoking things, son. Nate Tolson has been here for years. We never have any

trouble at his place and I never heard of him bothering nobody."

"He gave me a week to get out of town," Sammy Francis said proudly.

"Well, the officer smiled. "You're still here, aren't you?"

"Sure. I'm still here. But like I told you, my pigs beat a game."

"You own the best or was it just a pig game on a percentage?"

"Percentage."

Mike Webb shrugged. "Nothing I can do for you then. Owner's got a perfect right to put it wherever he wishes."

"Okay — and thanks, anyway."

Sammy Francis said wearily.

Saturday was a clear day, a brisk day, an ideal day for football, wearing cleats, and pretty girls like Jane Thompson of it, and thinking of getting it all. Sammy Francis swung the map a little harder than was really necessary, considering that the floor wasn't very dirty. Youngsters and their parents had been passing since noon, but now the street was empty. If he opened the door he could hear the faint whisper of hard rubber coming from the high school grounds.

He put away the map and trotted the pig. If anything was going to happen, it ought to happen now. It did.

The door of the room opened and Nate Tolson came out. He looked up and down the street, then moved slowly and deliberately toward Sammy's place. Sammy Francis watched his lumbering gait. The man looked soft—but you couldn't tell.

Tolson didn't speak at once. He looked at Sammy across the marble counter. Sammy Francis thought of a hairy member of the Gangs who he'd once seen serving himself for an execution. It was an unpleasant thought and he shook it quickly. He said: "What's on your

mind, Tolson?"

The sound of the voice seemed to do it. The moment of indecision was gone. "I told you to clear out," Tolson said slowly. "You didn't."

"But why? Say of your pig started when the piglets?"

"I need to sit a nice play from the side before you opened this joint."

"Might help some if you stamped the grease off the walls," Sammy Francis said indignantly.

"That's my business. It's also my business to see that young punks like you do as they're told."

Without waiting to, Sammy Francis had been fingering the knife, his fingers crossing the long blade.

Tolson said: "Put down that knife!"

A little shock in Sammy Francis consciously clenched his wandering fingers, then the hardening commitment of Tolson's tone—"Make me," he said quickly.

Tolson was clumsy with the gun. But he got it out.

In one swift, eye-dazzling movement, Sammy Francis chopped down on the gun with the side of his hand. With the other hand he swept in the knife from its place on the smooth board and held the shamed pistol over Tolson's throat.

"Drop the gun, Tolson."

But there was little anticipation for Sammy Francis in the clatter the gun made as it dropped. He walked over the counter while Tolson stood stupidly, bewildered by the speed of it all.

Nate Tolson said in a hoarse whisper: "What ya gonna do?"

"I don't know, Tolson, I really don't know."

"We could call it square—" Tolson said hopefully.

"And how you plan a good, correct job next time?" Sammy Francis shook his head. If only Tolson hadn't quit so easily. If he'd tried harder

with the gun the thing would be over by now.

He said "Back up, Tolson, over against the wall."

"What for?" Tolson asked nervously.

"No I can give you a demonstration." As he spoke, Sammy Francis twisted the knife, but apple flowers wandering along the bright length of the blade.

Sammy Francis indicated a pump-action moved into a jack-o-lantern. "Between the eyes," he said, "watch it!" His arm moved quickly. There was a flash, a shimmering flash, and then the hollow, phantasmic sound of the knife as it slit the pump-action.

Dadly, Sammy Francis unloaded the gun, tossed it to Tolson. "I been throwing knives since I was twelve years old," he said, "but there's no future in it. The demonstration was to warn you not to get ideas. You do like I tell you and you get a chance. I haven't made up my mind. But one phony move and I'll beat you like a champion!" He stepped back, slipped the knife up his sleeve and motioned toward the door. "Get going!" he said.

Now Tolson shuffled past. Outside he said "Which way?"

"Which way?" Sammy Francis was wandering, too. The redneck yard? The lake? Where didn't seem very important.

"That way," he said.

They walked in file. The lake was a mile on the other side of the school grounds. And as they neared the grounds, Tolson, encouraged by the man, turned, as if to speak.

"Back off!" Sammy Francis warned him. "You make one move and I'll carve you!"

Tolson walked on. There was a sudden roar as they came abreast of the field. The first ball had rolled.

Sammy Francis thought of June. He kept the date open, she had said

And he thought of the lake, of the blue clean, wild lake who were his enemies, who were in the park and in the streets today. . . . He couldn't do it. And as Tolson minded at "Thinking fast, rejecting ideas of they came to him, he reached out brown. Having Tolson was out. Soft Tolson might be, but he was too big and heavy. Anyway, he'd never see away a basket. There must be something else. . . . Shame! If he could make a mistake out of Tolson, shame him before a crowd! Soberly, he made his plan. He'd try to bring the shame high. Might as well, Tolson would never forgive him, anyone. The football game? Everybody in the neighborhood looking on! It seemed worth a try.

Waiting rapidly, leaving him captive to the remote end of the field, Sammy Francis issued final instructions. "You hold the gun like that," he said, illustrating by placing his forefinger against his temple. "There's two things you want to think about. The gun isn't loaded and you're getting off easy. Make that three things. I'll be walking down the sideline within any throw's distance of you all the time. Go through with it and you get away. Start to run or put up a squawk and this knife'll take your ear now!"

Tolson waited for a long moment, then, holding his arm awkwardly aloft, the revolver pointing at his own head, he began a slow walk down the center of the field. As he neared the goal line, a woman uttered nervously. Another screamed. A murmur swept the crowd.

With the noise of the crowd mounting in his ears, the horrified screams of women and the hoarse shouts of men, Sammy Francis saw a uniformed figure dash stiff from the players' bench and speed toward Tolson. The player left the ground as a flying tackle. He hit Tolson low

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and hard. The gun went spinning in the air. Sammy Francis landed it.

A voice came at his elbow. "What do you know about this?"

Sammy Francis turned, his eyes wary as he recognized the face and badge of Mike Webb. "Why—nothing," he said. "The car started jumped his trigger."

"Mike," Mike Webb greeted lightly. "Let's go now."

Tolson's clothes were tugged and his face was covered with mud. He said himself with sigh, he pointed accusingly at Sammy. "That's the man! But watch him—dangerous—got a knife!"

Sammy Francis looked at Mike Webb and shook his head. "I don't like the guy, you understand. Not at all, very sad."

The officer looked at him closely and Sammy could almost hear wheels turning in Mike Webb's mind. Mike Webb said: "I know—" and his protruded hands pulled Sammy.

"Watch! on him," Mike Webb said, stern, admonishing Tolson. "Take him away. Not to the jail, though. The guy's probably a hospital case. Call the state police." He turned his eyes on Sammy Francis. "If you had anything to do with this, now's the time to say so."

Sammy Francis shrugged. "To me the guy never did look too bright. But I didn't think he was this sticky. It goes to show you—"

"Okay," said Mike Webb. "Okay."

Sammy Francis slung over his shoulder and he walked rapidly, putting distance between himself and Mike Webb.

Back at the store he would mullify and methodically to serve the crowd that jammed the place after the game. Sketches of conversation drifted to him from the booths and tables. Note Tolson's dramatic entrance had stolen the afternoon show.

The crowd had gone and darkness had come. Sammy Francis left the store unlocked and walked rapidly to the football field, past the goal line, down the sidelines, retracing the steps of the afternoon. He loitered and fumbled in the dark, trampled grass.

"Looking for something?"

Sammy Francis watched the shadow detach itself from the blur of bushes and became the threatening figure of Mike Webb. He'd been a fool to come here. He knew that now.

Mike Webb threw the flashlight beam full on Sammy's eyes. "Looking for something?"

"My—my pen," Sammy Francis said lamely, fumbling at his breast pocket. "I must've dropped it during the excitement this afternoon."

Mike Webb clucked sympathetically and swept the ground with light. "It's a big field to search," he said, adding pointedly, "with no light."

"I didn't think of the light, Mister of just I was in a hurry—left the store unlocked. Guess I'd better be getting back."

"I'll go with you," Mike Webb said. "I really am a sandwich."

Jane was there, sitting on a stool. She wore a soft wool sweater and a tweed skirt. Her face was flushed from the cool night air. Sammy Francis thought he'd never seen her look so beautiful. He wanted to tell her so. But not now—not with Mike Webb at his elbow.

Jane was happy and sparkling. She nodded a greeting to Mike Webb, then said "Sammy! It was wonderful!"

"It was good," he admitted, wondering if it had been worth it.

Mocking of Sammy's frown and Mike Webb's smirked, Jane retorted on "Oh, but Tolson looked like a fool, pouring a gun at his own head—and in front of all those people."

What are they going to do with

him?" Sammy kept his voice over. "Father says they'll send him to the state hospital for observation, perhaps keep him there for the longest time."

"I don't think so," Mike Webb said to her. "I really don't think so." Then to Sammy: "That sandwich of mine—make it a ham or you find would you mind warming off the crust?"

Naturally, with Mike Webb's eyes upon him, Sammy Francis started for the sandwich. He didn't need to watch his hands. He'd made too many ham-and-eggs for that. His practiced fingers performed the task while his eyes and his mind were on Mike Webb. Webb's shirt had been checked—and lucky. Would you need warming off the crust?

Carefully, getting the edges even, Sammy Francis stacked the sandwich, slid a plate beneath it and put it on the counter.

Mike Webb smiled at him. "Perfect," he said, "except I wanted the edges trimmed. Remember?"

Sammy Francis shifted his feet helplessly to Jane. She returned the look but there was a strained urgency in her stare. Opening his mouth, ready to speak, fumbling nervously

among the juke and plates beneath the counter, Sammy Francis touched it and mechanically touched it again. Suddenly, he brought the knife into the light. It shone cleanly, without need or dirt. He almost lunged for the sandwich, nearly unperceived the crisis.

Mike Webb suspected the sandwich, glanced at the knife. "Thanks," he said casually. "I'll eat it as I go." With a pleasant nod to Jane, he left.

Still holding the knife, Sammy Francis regarded it unbelieveably. "Boy I left it on the football field," he mumbled, "buried in the soil!"

"I know."

"What?"

"I said I know. I know you. I thought you'd want it back again, as I remembered the spot. Even as the crowd left I dug it up, took it home and cleaned it."

Sammy Francis borrowed a loving look upon Jane. Without the knife Tolson would never be able to hurt her any. Life had suddenly become calm and uncomplicated—pleasant, that's what it was!

That look and the smile in her eyes—something told Sammy Francis that everything would be all right.

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# Talking Points

## MIDNIGHT MANIAC . . .

Who actually did commit one of the greatest murders in the history of the sea? Criminologists and historians have argued in vain about the killer who struck down his innocent victims on the "Harbert Fuller" . . . and no definite conclusion has ever been reached. On page 4, James Hollidge again surveys the mystery and provides some new—and perhaps significant—clues.

## SUPERMEN ON . . . ?

We recommend for your attention Homer Shannon's article "Artificial Herbs for Supermen?" (page 24), in which he refutes the much-disputed subject of artificial concentration of human beings and draws a few conclusions of what the ultimate results may be. Shannon has made a close study of his subject and knows what he's talking about.

## THE KITCHEN OF HELL . . .

This month, Jack Herling—one of Australia's most prolific crime writers—concludes his series of the gory-going-on in the United States' "Hell Kitchen." On page 34, he describes how the "Kitchen" grew from a lovely country garden to a vice spot unguessed in the annals of the underworld. But don't be disappointed. Herling will turn up next month with another series as unusual and as striking as his last.

## GOLD . . . GOLD . . . GOLD . . .

The gold may be piling out as fast as their bills . . . but there are still hidden possibilities ahead. Read Frank S. Greenwood's article "Gold From a Leap of Lead" (page 46) and learn what savings may still achieve. Beginning from the elements, Greenwood traces the search for artificial gold through the residues into the stomach of the modern laborer-ion. The way he sees it is that there'll be a day when Fiat Money won't be holding a monopoly.

## NEXT MONTH . . .

Some new and unusual features await "CAVALCADE" next month . . . Watch especially for "The Deadly Charm of Reddest Jade." The Korean War has provided many examples of what can be achieved by Oriental Magic. But's Here is the story of one of the greatest of them . . . the Maiden Princess whose lust for love was equalled only by her lust for cruelty. And here a glimpse at "Are You a Human Radio?" Telepathy has become a subject for serious scientific discussion and, in this stormy age, who knows what strange surprises the future holds. Fiction comprises the love and trouble "Fatal Dominion"; "Crime at Saint Cloud" (a bizarre murder of France) and "The Princess Was Gray" (something from a new "CAVALCADE" writer, H. Clifford-Dalton).

